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HIMES OF THE WEST

By

NORRIS C. SPRIGG.

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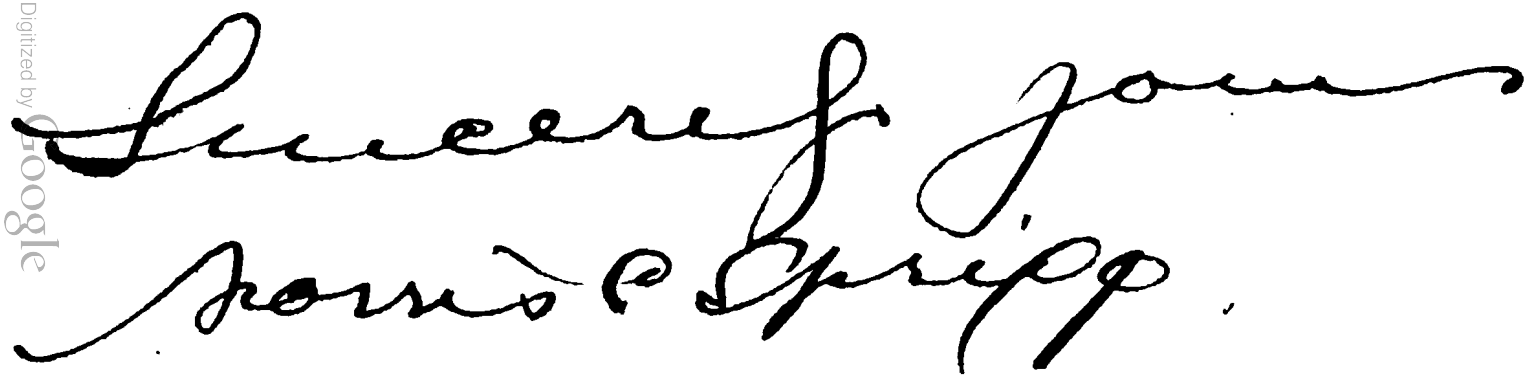

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CHIMES OF THE WEST

BY

NORRIS C. SPRIGG

DENVER, COLORADO
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1903

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IRENE

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"Take courage, prisoner of time, for there be many comforts;
Cease thy labor in the pit, and bask awhile with truants in the sun.
Be cheerful man of care, for great is the multitude of chances;
Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens of ease.
Wherefore dost thou doubt? If present good is round thee,
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the greenwood of Reflection.
Come unto my cool, dim grotto that is watered by the rivulet of mirth.
And over whose time-stained rocks climb the fairy flowers of content;
Here upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of cares;
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.
Prophets and priests and kings have tuned the harp I faintly touch.

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Man receiveth as a cup, but wisdom is the river.
Facts and comparisons, and meditative atoms,
gathered on the heap of combination,
Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer
dreams of Reverie.
Struggle—Thou art better for the strife, and the
very energy shall hearten thee.
And remember thou that laborest, thy leisure is
not loss if it help to expose and undermine
that solid falsehood, the Material."

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"Impassioned verse can never be
The product of the mind alone,
A quickened soul must touch
And tone the sentiment at liberty
And give sensation imagery
Before it is afflatus blown
Into the realms of purity.
The pyramids of silent thought
By reason reared and logic wrought
Invite the genius of the mind
But those emotions which control
The energies of heart and soul
Engage all three of these combined."

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CHIMES OF THE WEST

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CHIMES OF THE WEST

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THE MUSES.

Sometimes, when a dainty poem
  Comes flitting across your mind,
And you would fain express it
  When the phrase you fail to find.

The muses tell thee what to say
  In their musical glad refrain
As on some glad May-day
  There is sunshine after rain.

O heaven-sent are the muses,
  To the children of the brain,
Most blest who most inhabit
  Realms where the muses reign.

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ON THE SIDE.

No I would not be deprived
  Of the happiness I have
    Every day.
It's a whole world of my own,
  Tho' it can't be set to tune
    All I say.
Writing lines forever more
  That were never writ before
    That is me.
While I do not say it all,
  Many hints are let to fall
    You will see.

Here there between the lines,
  As they come to me betimes
    Right away.
Some should be left out I know,
  It's the best that I can do
    Lack a day.
Who can guide a parachute,
  Push a pencil, who can toot
    In a horn?

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Too, I think it wrong to write,
When you're in the gloom of night
All forlorn.
Some, I take it, try to write,
When too sober or too tight.
Give them room.
Then it is that what they say
Often gives them dead away—
Seals their doom.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR.

SPRING.

Birds and flowers everywhere,
  Buds and butterflies,
Diamond dewdrops, verdure fair,
  Domed bright blue skies.
Crystal springs and babbling brooks
  'Mongst the beckoning trees;
As if smiling, daisy looks,
  Kissed by April breeze.

SUMMER.

Sunshine seeking every nook,
  Penetrates the shadows;
Ripened fruits and hollyhock,
  Waving fields and meadows;
Clover-blossoms for the bees,
  And the drowsy kine;
Sweetly silent glens and leas
  In sultry summer time.

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AUTUMN.

Now the harvest season's over,
  Comes the Autumn feast,
Never-failing, bountiful,
  Blessing man and beast.
Industry amply rewarded
  By the "All-Wise" unseen hand,
Faithfully the yield is guarded
  And the fertile land.

WINTER.

Ha-ha! She sleepeth! Steal a kiss.
  Hurrah for beds and appetites
They too are elements of bliss,
  The best of all by rights.
All terra firma cased in snow,
  Frost on the window-pane,
"Pronounced it good" and justly so.
  Hurrah! The round begins again!

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NATURE.

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of Nature. She shows us only surfaces, but is million fathoms deep. Were we to traverse the whole realm of Nature, nowhere would we find a more beautiful manifestation of God than we find in man, in soul and in mind and body.—Emerson.

Nature in the mountains,
  Up among the pines;
Nature in the valleys,
  Vieing with the vines;
Nature in the tree tops,
  Tossing glad and free;
Nature in the song birds,
  Voicing o'er with glee.

Nature in the prairies,
  Spreading here and there;
Nature in the carpets
  Of verdure sweet and fair;

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Nature in the raindrops
And the sparkling dew;
Nature in the crystal springs
Reflecting heaven's blue.

Nature in the brooklet
Babbling merrily;
Nature in the zephyrs
Sweeping sweet and free;
Nature in the sunbeams,
Kissing all the flowers;
Nature in the blossoms,
Welcoming the showers.

Nature in the honey-bees
And the butterflies;
In the happy children's
Bright and beaming eyes;
Nature in the hidden nook
Tripped by elfin feet;
Nature—What a wonder-book,
Nature all complete!

Nature vastly varied,
Rarer and more rare;
Earth and ether, frost and fire,
And the limpid air.

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Nature, where art thou not,
Where thou art, no knowing!
In every form and element
Nature goes on, going.

MAIDS OF HONOR.

To the fair maids of honor
So gentle yet so severe,
Hailing from every county.
Regal in sterling character,
Thou art, indeed, well chosen.
Justice welling in each soul,
Centered in thee, is beauty and truth,
Best citizenship the goal.
Significant of our dear state,
Uphold and dignify her laws.
Embodiment of highest worth,
Ultimate of first Great Cause.
Pride of our splendid institutions
And of our homes respectively.
Right royal is thy mission,
Thrice welcome unto thee.

And now the Festal's over,
God's blessings on each one.
Long may you live and prosper
And do not forget the fun.

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A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Rushing, plunging, tearing lunging;
  Nothing else so quick.
Lashing, crashing, plashing, dashing;
  Till the rocks are slick.

Leaping, heaping, swifter sweeping
  Into silvery spray;
Gliding, sliding, constant tiding
  O'er my boulder way.

Cold and soft, just from aloft,
  Deep perpetual snow;
Swish, swish, with my melody,
  Singing as I go.

Surging, bounding, hills resounding;
  Ah there, stand aside;
Do not impede my furious speed,
  The trout are taking a ride.

Now I'm smoother, calmer, clearer,
  Into actual quiet;

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And now again at intervals
  Simply running riot.

Who hath not seen me little knows
  The capers I can cut;
The schedule time on which I run
  Nor in the same old rut.

A mirror to the wildest herd,
  Refreshing to the rarest bird;
None say me nay as by the spring
  So joyfully I'm caroling.

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THE SAN JUAN.

Sweet the pink and purple foliage,
  Sweet the dawn in the San Juan!
As the golden sun begins to tinge
  The crest of many mountains,
That, like a wall, all around,
  Encircle the San Juan.

The blue dome of heaven sitting over,
  Like a cup, entrancing and delighting,
As you look out and up, from the San Juan!

Spreading carpets, waving grasses,
  Like one vast and open page!
Red and buff and purple tinge!
  Willows with a yellow fringe!
Now is autumn on, in beautiful San Juan!

Rio Blanca, Rio Grande Rivers, bowed to
  By the silvery sage and cedars;
Spanned with mighty iron ribbons;
  Steaming locomotives laden
Speeding on and on! in the great San Juan!

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Through the fields of waving flowers,
And the herds of sheep and cattle,
Wild and native, unmolested;
Fat and sleek and frolicsome;
In the wonderful San Juan.

Homes and schools in thrifty towns,
Farms and orchards there abound,
Proclaiming superiority for San Juan!
At once a poem and a song—
Rhymes to music, all along;
Alamosa, Antonito, Monte Vista, Del Norte,
Habited by senora and senorita;
In splendid and superb San Juan.

Ouray, Durango, Silverton;
Indians, Whites, and Mexicans,
Spanish, French and Texans,
Who gave these romantic names?
So interesting to hear in yon San Juan!

Solfinero, Espanola, La Jara, Conejos and Ignacio,
Montezuma, Alta Vista, San Luis, Sangre de Cristo,
Are all in the San Juan!

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Chica, Blanca, Zapota, Fit a Huerfano,
Manzanola, Cachetop-hou,a, Cotapaxi,
Buelah, Grabiola, Me- poinsa Verde, Archeluta,
Riomancas, Riod indielaspinas, Eureka, Vallicito,
Ophir, Bocici, R: thuico, Uncompahgre,
Pandora, Ma Montelores, Quirica and Untoso,
Rosita, Iri- s, Las Animas, Waunita,
Vulcar and Aberdeen; La Junta, Fredonia,
Hecla, Siloam, Romana and Shawana.

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ving flowers,
and cattle,
ed;

TO A COUNTRY ...

Sweet and winding country roa...
Coulds't thou but speak or sing;
Tell all the story of past days,
Give voice to all life's mysteries.

Of all the joyous, all the sad—
Of my impressions when a lad—
From mirthful youth to middle age
Each day a dark or sunny page.

What goes to make the average life,
Or phantoms, visions, worry, strife,
Of aspirations, day by day—
O, winding road, if you could say.

Could you but tell the story o'er
From early youth till life hath fled,
Of all the joyous, all the sad—
I fain thou knowest, very well—
And have a fancy—thou couldst tell.

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Chica, Blanca, Zapota, F
Manzanola, Cachetop
Buelah, Grabiola, Me
Riomancas, Riod
Ophir, Bocici, R
Pandora, M
Rosita, Ir
Vulcar
Hecla,

ther might a lesson learn
at likest thou, life takes a turn
om disappointments, mysteries.
weet, winding road, of all thy days,
Of all thy windings, all thy ways
Recall in silent speech or song
I long to know, I long—I long—

There is no end to the sky
And the stars are everywhere
And time is eternity
And the here is over there;
For the common need of the common day
Are ringing bells of the far away."

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TO A LANDSCAPE GREETING.

Read down the lines, O wondrous scene
Beginning wth the clouds;
In this stillness—Nature's poetry,
Who dare to read aloud?

Enraptured as the scroll unfolds
In eloquence sublime—
Thy tranquil spirit pervades all
Thy whispering is divine.

O heart of Nature, to the soul of man
What more appeals to thee—
Insistent is thy sweet command
Aspire to utmost purity.

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RETROSPECT.

"I love thee, Nature, with thy fresh winds blowing,
When melting ice half checks thy streamlets flowing,
When buds are opening and the young grass growing.
When spring is here.

I love thee with thy fair hills crowned with flowers;
When time is sleeping through the fragrant hours,
'Neath drooping boughs of shaded slumbrous bowers,
In summer time.

I love thee better when the leaves are turning,
The orchards bending and the maples burning
When sheaves are garnered and when man is learning
Thy beauty free.

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I love thee best when feathery flakes are flying
The earth's hard lines in white concealment lying
Thus hide the year's mistakes, for he is dying,
'Neath maiden snows."

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NAMELESS.

Ere the foot of man had touched the heather;
Ere the sons of man had lisp'd in childhood;
Ere a single heart had throb'd to love them,
Bloomed the flowers—all nameless.

Bloomed and faded where no eye beheld them
Ere a single heart had throbbed to love them,
So some life may live and fade and perish,
Living with no loving heart to cherish.

Hark; I hear a brooklet ringing—ringing
Through an unknown woodland, singing—singing;
Rippling on its way by vale and mountain,
Where no tongue may taste its cooling fountain;
Rippling, till the wint'ry frosts have hushed it;
Sealed and thralled it in an ice-bound casket.
Rippling till the North wind—down its
Pathway dying—fall the leaves—all Nameless.

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ONE DEED.

Can'st thou catch a fleeting zephyr,
  Bind the fragrance of a rose,
Trace the dew drop in its bosom
  Whence it came or whither goes.

Can'st thou follow up the streamlet,
  Hurrying on its pebbly way,
Or one ray of golden sunlight,
  Through the Universe of day.

Can'st thou know the grand fruition
  Of a single generous deed?
Nay! 'tis infinite in vastness,
  God alone the extent can read.

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NATURE'S BROTHERHOOD.

The ways of men may grow apart,
But they never can lose each other.
Envy may strike with poison tooth,
But man unto man, must be brother.

Some common sev'rance, grand and deep
Brings the lesson on soon or later
One pulse-throb wide as oceans-tide,
One love, one law, One Creator.

'Till stricken by some blinding grief,
We weep apart—until, even the Sea
In vapor gathers all mans tears;
To return in clouds of charity.

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TO WALL STREET CAMP.

Beautiful Wall Street Camp, in thy rustic beauty.
  Just where the canons and the waters meet;
Where the rugged mountains of rocks and crags
    ascending,
  Are kissing each other at thy very feet;
On the banks of Four Mile with its rushing waters
  Dashed into myriad spray almost as white as
    snow,
Ever hastening onward with perpetual message,
  Telling to sea and river what we may never
    know.

Sugar Loaf Peak in majesty is towering
  Like a mighty sentinel upward to the right,
Sends the purest breezes as a lasting greeting
  And guards securely through the darksome
    night;
Springs of crystal waters by the winding roadside
  Mountain peaks innumerable pointing to the sky,
Bushes clothed in blossoms and the waving
    grasses,
  Each excels the other, pleasing to the eye;

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Flowers of rarest beauty and the stately pine trees,
Many are the song birds lending their good cheer,
See on every feature works of the great artist,
Feel and know and realize that God is ever near:
Many happy children with bright and gladsome faces,
Voices blending with the birds ring out on the air.
Nature's sweetest music and her rarest beauty,
Is the joyful presence of the children fair.
Beautiful Wall Street Camp, be thou a great blessing,
Forth from thy rich store, yield thy wealth of gold,
Much of precious treasure heaving in thy bosom,
Thou wilt yet be famous, the half has not been told.

MAXIMUS.

Some people are perfect (only in some ways),
Some have many faults, so the Bible says,
As long ago as in Shakespeare's time,
There was more of badness than would rhyme,
There was one Venus that long ago,
And now there are many, each Adonis must know.

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SUGAR LOAF.

How thankful and delighted
That on a certain day,
I landed here in Sugar Loaf,
Such a lovely place to stay.
Right against the heart of nature,
Up among the mountain peaks,
Where the eloquence of beauty
Is the language that she speaks.
All about the stately pine trees
Soughing, singing, tossing free,
Courtesying to each other
With the utmost dignity.
And the crystal brooklet purling,
Plashing, pulsing with the pine
Seems to say, "I'm pleased to see you,
And the day is very fine."
There the golden sunshine pouring
Into every nook a trace,
Picturesqueness and perfectness
On each feature every place,
So suggesting and revealing
That the Good God for a throne

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Could not more opportunely
  Find a place upon the zone.
I am thankful and delighted
  That with bee and butterfly,
The song-birds and the flowers,
  Here to revel and to vie
For the privilege and the pleasure
  Hearing nature's sweetest song.
For the freedom and the solace
  Of this joyous happy throng;
The squirrels and the chipmunks,
  The burros and the kine,
On the sunny sloping hillsides,
  Thankful for this sort of time.

AFFIANCED.

"Who gains her heart will win a precious prize
And fortunate be in every lover's eyes,"
Blooms there a rose, more bright or fair
Than she to me, O fairest flower?
A pure white rose, complete, full blown
Than all more pure all for my own
A wealth of roses bright and fair
And now I have this wealth to wear.

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EXPERIENCE ON DEPOSIT.

Am one of that sort of fellows, you know,
As lives within my means, and pay as I go,
Most keeps me on the ragged edge of despair
To make and pay, for what I eat and wear.

Have learned some things, and know them well,
Which go to help make one fairly successful,
Namely, how to pound sand, and blow hot soup,
Go in when it rains, and to tell straight up.

I can guess which way the water will run,
What the weather will be, when it is come.
How to take the hint 'thout bein' knocked down,
Know the biggest dead beat in the whole town.

Know fellows so mean they won't answer letters,
Who answer the fewer, the more they are debtors;
Know others who are just as nice as pie,
Who don't have the right look in the eye.

'Nuff experience on deposit, thus and so;
This is a partial list of what you must know
To keep the wolf from the door, collectors too,
How to do unto others, or they'll do you.

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DECLINE OF PROFESSION.

Lawyer in large city left on his last pins,
Never man more witty, cases he gets he wins;
Here's just where the rub comes in,
For his profession is overdone.

Physician full of the finest points
Prepares prescriptions for out of joints;
Starvation knocking at his door,
For of physicians there are many more,
And here is where the rub comes in,
The profession's badly overdone.

College professor of texture fine,
Toned enough for the foremost line,
Turned down by district school remote,
Skulking round in a threadbare coat,
Here's where the rub comes in,
The profession is vastly overdone.

Brace up, my friend, I here extend
To you the utmost sympathy;
Don't jump over the bluff, for
You still have enough (grit)
To win in some other way.

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STRAW MEN.

Had dealings with a dozen men a day
The half of whom would blow away
If as light on the scales as scaly,
Who never made a promise keep;
Thoroughly seared yet lose no sleep,
Sadly there are many such as these
As men "not in it" but to beat, and freeze.
One's confidence in human kind
The more you're around the more you find
Men made of straw, who evade the law
In so far as they may, each year to a day
And do it systematically.
Thrive like "the big fish" in the water,
Preying on those they hadn't ought to
Deceive and mislead by whatever means.
Didn't know this? You "don't know beans
When the bag is wide open," may cost you dear
To find it out, unless you steer clear.

AND SO.

My "horny-handed sons of toil"
Be on your guard, don't let them spoil

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Your prospects for the future life
Or "cut your heart out with a knife;"
For some there are already say
Corruption and dishonesty,
Faithlessness and treachery,
Claim a large majority of the
Human family; mark a period of decay
Of all common decency,
Won't have it any other way.
Say honesty has had its day,
That the whole train will go astray.
If this be so, then lackaday;
If as light on the scales, as scaley
Then all the rest would blow away.

APROPOS.

Of all the store the choicest flower
Yet cannot vie with thee.
Submits in humble silence there
Upon thy breast to be
Excelled in beauty, and in form,
In sweetness, grace and modesty.

How fairest flower can think and speak,
Impress, inspire in silence meek
More eloquent than orator
The language of the morning star.

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SOLD HIMSELF TEN TIMES.

Once from an old time custom,
Under form of the law of trade,
Having purchased ten tons of hay,
The empty wagon was weighed;
So much gross and *net and tare*
Is the rule all over, everywhere,
And unless a great conniver,
The *"tare"* includes the driver.
Now the wife, being up in books
Remarked, "I don't like his looks,"
It would cause no one any hurt
Better watch, he might do you dirt."
In ten full loads he hauled the hay,
Always stayed on each load to weigh,
It "was five a ton and want the pay,"
When I replied, "You'll have to stay,
It is plain to see you belong to me,
I have bought you time and again,
And always go in a game to win.
'Tis a pity you didn't bring more;
You weigh but a hundred and thirty
And have played me a trick so dirty

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Since you make no contradiction,
And truth is greater than fiction;
It's whatever I fail to see,
That a little bird tells me."

"When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still liveth on."

ELOPEMENT.

Have you ever been in love?
Let lovers elope and live.
"Old Man" refuses to give or take—
The lovers will take or give.

Tho' they fly to realms unknown,
The old man don't know beans
If he fails to see the point—
The end justifies the means.

For go they where they may,
Love, cherish and protect
Is the theory obtains today—
In love it is cause and effect.

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DIVORCE.

The most binding chain
Has of links only two—
The lad and the lassie
Together. The laddy is me,
And the lassie is you.
Securely we're welded
Together like glue,
By the bonds of affection
With love for each other
Past all benediction.
Pure love links, well welded,
Know no separation
Nor cankering fetters,
While together entwined.
But alas! in this chain
'Tis no new revelation
That oftimes in breaking
These links harshly bind.

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EXCHANGE OF GLEANINGS.

I love the flowers, indeed I do;
To the spirit and the letter.
But seeing others love them too—
Is something I love better.

The sweets of earth in solitude
Are sweet; but none the less,
Shared with another's sympathy
Serve even more to bless.

I love all that are good and true
And love to have them love me too.
Life's chiefest blessing—doing good
There is no sweeter livelihood.

WISHING ON A RING.

A very, very happy life
Worthy friend, none of strife
Lots of sunshine to the end
Is the greeting I would send.

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MAY—MAZEPPA.

It is thy wistful beaming eyes
  That speak the language of the skies,
That bind more tightly than earthly ties—
  Me unto thee; Express surprise?
When I confess to a surmise
  Insistent love would fain disguise
While Cupid coddles for a prize.

The lofty peaks waft purest breeze;
  The birds are happier in the trees;
All terra firma seems to take
  New life; thy presence in the wake.

Some sentiment, supremely sweet;
  As sweetest music; so complete,
That chimes with robin and the lark,
  The golden sunset and the park.

O'er landscape spreading like the sea
  To border dome and canopy;
The evening star impresses me
  As fair, but no more fair than thee.

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Thine eyes suggest so much, or more,
Than all of other earthly store;
E'en the whole world, and else beside.
I would forever here abide

Lost in the charm of mystic curve
Of roguish glance but wilful swerve
Of hand withdrawn, more eloquent—
Insists there is no slight consent.

Ah, cruel fate! ah! heart of steel!
To crush my ardor and my zeal
While Cupid pranks the tendrils start
You make me victim of the smart
Of "One should never wear one's heart
Upon one's sleeve"—dost thou perceive?

THEE AND ME.

When a voice from the silence shall call to me,
Aye in tones that lull me to dreamless sleep,
When the passions of life which were all to me
Have sunk to the depths of the voiceless deep;
When the pain of the passion I bore for thee
Shall throb no more and my heart grows cold,
When I wait in the shadows no more for thee,
When I wait no more as in days of old,
When we shall have met on the other shore,
Will the "old time" affection revive once more?

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A ROMANCE.

With sonorous notes of every tone
Mixed in confusion sweet the forest rings.
My lady and her lover
As a day in June did wane
Were taking a long, long walk
In a long and lonely lane.
'Twas a lovely day in June,
The birds were all atune,
To every thing that they would say
The birds would trill a roundelay.
While walking was not their station
So very pleasant the conversation
They had not thought to feel fatigue,
Away from home almost a league,
Promptly on their returning
Mamma did enquire: "My daughter dear,
You've walked so far, truly didn't
You tire?" Answering: "Yes I did;
Till Beau ideal tied my shoe;
Then I was rested; now mamma,
Wouldn't you?" "O, nonsense child,
You're surely tired, if not

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Why then, think you'd better go again."
Oft' they did and longer tarried;
(A little later, they were married.)
Thus mothers help to make the match;
Girls are elected to sew and patch.
Thus ended single life forlorn
Another home to a Nation born.
Sisters and brothers sing together,
With the birds in the sunny weather:
"And don't you eber doubt it,
"For we knows all about it,
"And we knows ebery fing;
"We hears our mamma sing."
She says be careful what you say
(She is 'fraid we dive her away)
We really are too smart,
So you see, we all agree,
To every thing and shout
And sing, and continue to sing
With the birds, and baby brother.

And very often mamma and papa
Too walk along, join in the song
Down the self same lane,
That once seemed long. (All sing)
"We love fresh air, the birds and trees
We love the lull of the gentle breeze

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That makes sweet music in the trees;
Through the deep thick shade
Toward the clear blue sky
To see the fleecy clouds go by;
We love the busy bees, the flowers
No family happier now than ours.

NO LONGER A KID.

I am no longer a kid,
  Have outgrown my kidlet ways,
Yet always in for some fun,
  Think it's the thing and pays.

If dignity means to be sedate
  So sober as never to smile
I would rather prefer to wait,
  Not to dignify yet a while.

Yes rather take chances,
  Sidetrack the shy glances
Of such as profess overmuch
  Who grow prematurely old
Not keeping the world in touch.

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THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side, again I insist,
Vary thy steerage and banish the mist.
Joy be thy compass, through night and by day;
"Laugh and grow fat"—glad-hearted and gay.

Send out some greeting to all whom you meet;
Will make you more happy and steady your feet.
Stand firmer my fellows, so downcast and sad,
The sunshine is yours, rejoice and be glad.

The twinkling stars, the brook and the tree
The dew-drop and daisy so bright and so free;
Wherever thou art on land or on sea,
The great heart of love, throbs ever for thee.

LOVE.

Love is the welding of hearts, where wishes join,
The putting of self away for better coin.
Love is an endless chain, with links all fast;
If you take one link away—Love cannot last.

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LOVE'S CIPHER DISPATCH.

"The stealing glance that wins its way
To where the soul's affections lay."

A little more "tin" to a Scotchman's tone
Than Americans' I think;
The Irishman—who can talk on the rin
Has seemingly twang of zinc.

The Colored's, bears a mixture of mud
Or is somewhat heavy, rather
And no matter if dark as midnight
You can tell the one from 'tother.

The Italian and John Chinaman,
Speak forth with a lighter flow
And to help explain their meaning
Their motions they make—"just so"—

The German's a sturdy fellow
Who studies his brogue to break
If he *wants* you to understand him
He tries his best to make.

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And then there's another language,
Known as the "woman's tongue,"
Who has not heard one talk a streak
Don't know the general run.

There's the broken and unbroken
All alike they have their crosses
But no language written or spoken
Like "glance" twixt lads and lasses.
No matter what nationality
No matter how dark the night;
Love's cipher dispatch is
What makes the matches that
Strike till they turn down the light.

LOVE SONG.

My love is all the world to me,
North, South, o'er land or sea
Or East or West my Love is best,
Or West or East, a constant feast,
My love is all the world to me.
Or be he on the land or sea
Of all that therein is
More than them all to me.
Were it not for love, else could not be.
Then come to me, come to me dearest
I am waiting and watching for thee.

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LOVE'S GARDEN.

Love's garden is where affection
  Is the medium of exchange;
Where wishes make the connection
  By fond looks fairest range.

Fragrant and fair love's garden
  None can thy secrets know—
How Cupid prowls for prizes
  Nor how thy tendrils grow,

Till once within thy borders
  On entering do find
How like the ivy to the oak
  Love's garden's tendrils bind.

The fruitage of love's garden,
  That rarer and more rare
Heart throbs unfold to blossoms
  For yield surpassing fair.

The elfins of love's garden
  From diamond dew-drops sip

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And revel in beds of roses
  Tippling from honied lips.

Where passions play responsive;
  Where hearts eclipse the head;
Where eloquence of glances,
  Where no words need be said.

Love's garden hath fairer flowers
  Her roses are more fair
That charm through passing hours
  And lend their presence rare.

Love's garden hath her springtime,
  The bloom of love for poet's rhyme,
The fragrant breath of zephyrs;
  The budding in her prime.

For summer sky—the deep blue eye;
  For autumn—eyes of brown;
For virgin snow—a throat I know;
  For winter—casual frown.

Love's garden hath rarer roses
  Than bush or bud hath borne;
And ere "My Love" proposes
  The trysting place foresworn.

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The fruitage of love's garden
For cherry and peach and pear,
Heart-throbs unfold the blossoms,
The Elfins revel there.

Elfins of love's sweet garden
Where bees from dew-drops sip,
And frolic among the lilies
That zephyrs gently tip.

It is within love's garden
Where tiniest tendrils grow,
Till twining hearts together
The weldings ever glow.

Garden of Love, where settles
Fond kisses on fervored lips;
Pink finger-tips for petals,
Pet phrases pass for tips.

Garden where modest blushes,
Deep dimples, loving eyes;
Maiden, O beauty marvel,
A new and glad surprise.

To find the fullest favor,
To know thy inmost art;
Entrancing loved and lover,
Responsive heart to heart.

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Love's garden therefore hath her glory;
All elements are in the story:
For showers, are tears;
For storms, are fears;
Through the years of joy or sorrow—
God's blessing on thee each to-morrow.

THE LAW OF TRADE.

Some have a conscience, some have none,
Some live in a tent and feel at home,
Some have no home and rove about
Above reproach; I have found this out.

Some think all night what to do next day,
How to "make a stake" and get away,
And afterward live in pomp and style,
With conscience smitten all the while.

Mistaking each bush for an officer,
Whose badge or star may to them refer,
While often seemingly industrious
Are sometimes refugees from justice.

If I were a Gentile or even a Jew,
With the tactful insight found in you,
Might own a bank in a single day,
It is just as well it is not that way.

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A DENVER LADY NOTARY.

Behold, the Goddess of Liberty
Not more dignified than she,
Strictly modern lady notary
First ever known to history.
(Enter applicant for pension.)
Hold up your hand, sir, and be sworn;
Said she, with a sort of semi frown,
"The color of your hair, and eyes?"
With tone of voice, that gave surprise,
Not perfectly sound, and how do you feel?
And gracefully annexed her seal.
Tho' he was brave hearted comrade
With honorable discharge,
Bore the scars of many battles
Was an officer at large:
Had ne'er before surrendered,
No, neither heart nor hand,
So commanding was her manner
That he was at her command;
(Prepared his papers with intention
And is "private" partner to the pension.)
(Sequel).

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Now, he's no longer bachelor,
And she is ex-Miss Notary,
He holds the baby—as a Seal—
While she administers the meal.

ADJUSTMENT.

Born within a shell that is subject unto breakage,
  Individual responsibilities and cares galore,
Selfishness and uncertainty like some fragile package,
  Reform, what's under thine own hat thoroughly before.

You ever do insist that the world is growing worse
  Else it may be; with faith, hope and love to fortify,
Most pitiful to see how little these avail thee,
  They suffer most who quite forego instead of ever try.

Each day be given less to faults and feignings
  To know and be the truth, be this thy chief desire,
Attaining non-resistance yields most important gainings,
  Truly there is nothing, that excelleth character.

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ON THE TRAIN.

Gliding along, perfect comfort and ease,
Speeding through space, smooth as the breeze.
By secret of simple system of steam;
The work of some genius, a fairy-like dream.

Wheatfields and meadows, so vivid appear
And now they are gone, scarce time to refer.
The cattle and horses, in drowsy recline,
Disturbed for the instant, form in a line.

The picturesque ricks, abundant the yield;
The orchards of fruits, the far-reaching field.
Broad acres entrance, perfecting the scene.
The sunshine, the songbirds, the groves that between
The children are joyous, the grown are spellbound;
And we wave them in passing, glad tidings resound.

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PIKE'S PEAK.

Had I been with you in the snow
To see you get so soaking wet;
I might have made a verse, or so,
And surely think I would—may yet.

In August on the highest peak
"Affinities" no word can speak
No summer month is half so warm
As is affection's mutual charm.

Drawn to each other, lasting chords;
No frost can freeze, no need for words;
The look far-reaching, deeper far
From those fond eyes—than peak from star

Alas! I envy him his court—
Am jealous of the precious prize.
I too, am won; enamoured quite
By mystic glance from lovely eyes.

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MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

If variest daintiest chirp
Of tiniest little bird
So near confirms the truth
Of the "unspoken word."

Thy voice so strangely sweet
Melodious and complete;
Wafted on the morning air
Proves that God is everywhere.

Perfectness of the slender petal;
Leaf and flower so uniform.
Sound and color sweetly blending,
Life of love, whose portals charm.

Throughout all of time extending
Merging into beauty rare
Sacred musings serve the moment
In memory the soul of prayer.

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LADY OF THE LAKE.

I have for a friend, one C. M. C.,
Who lives by a beautiful willow tree,
On the banks of a sparkling lake:
Where fishes and fowls their pleasure take,
In guessing the shadows from over the meadow,
By sun or moon, through the willow tree
Of the lady love of my C. M. C.,
As to and fro is gracefully past
Her lovely form on the water cast
From the willow bough a grapevine swing;
From whence so often is heard to sing,
In sweetest tones, like an angel voice,
Some song of love to her mated choice.

(Sings:)

Oh, the golden willow the vines for swings,
In my perfect boat I am taking note
Of my lovely pets, the fowls and fishes,
As they glide and float and guess my wishes,
As I glance from them, out over the meadow,
Where the peaceful kine in the painted clover
Their perfect pleasure take, and ever

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And anon, I study and think and plan
How better to work in the golden traces
With my own—true love—my perfect man,
Do what I can to smoothe rough places,
To soften the pillow with sweet content,
So sweet as the clovers perfume sent;
From o'er the banks of the beautiful lake
That he may as perfect pleasure take,
As the fowls and fishes, and gentle kine
Nor ever feel the weight of time,
And time touch lightly upon his brow,
For I'm his sweetheart, I'm his frau.
O, come with me dear to my grapevine swing,
And sit very near while I sweetly sing
In close commune, with the fowls and fishes,
To win their affections, they share my wishes.
I'll borrow from them, their mild content,
And convey it to thee, as heaven sent.
Then come with me dear to my lovely swing
And sit very near, while I sweetly sing:
It is very safe, have ye no fear—
Share with me your love—I will share your care.

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ON HER TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.

(By request of Mamma.)

Blossom, dear Blossom, whose sprightly expression
Thus promptly to prompt the poetical vein,
When "sweet sixteen" gallants will be guessing
How best to pursue thy love's mystic train.

That love is a mystery, some have accepted,
That many a "suitor"may yet be rejected;
That flirting and foppery, too, are professions
That "trigger" is sprung by sprightly expressions;
That beauty and goodness are not always connected;
That many a cast-off is most sadly dejected;
That wreckages strewn like dead leaves on the way
That hearts may be broken by what you may say.

The unspoken word the look or the action,
The "sheep's glance" enough to give satisfaction.
The presents that follow expressive of joy,
The hearts that are tossed about as a toy,
The broken and bleeding, O, bear you in mind,

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The things that betoken what you will find.
You take chances, the fates will determine
Who may be your mate, or Gentile or German
However exacting, or the most common scrub,
For Love is mysterious, and here is the rub;
Then beware of the wiley, don't you barter away;
Heart strings have been broken by some foppish
Jay.
Good-looking and dressy, so shapely and all,
Remember Old Adam took part in the fall.

That Adonis and Venus, and by Jupiter,
To mix-ups that happen you simply refer
Love is blind as a bat—an honest confession—
Due largely, perhaps, to the sprightly expression.

CLAIM TO BE TWINS.

Little maidens, blue eyes and brown,
Claim to be twins, in "mighty big" town.
Equally saucy, and full of mischief,
Each other's company, perfect relief,
Equal in many things, different in few,
One has brown eyes, the other has blue;
One is a brunette, the other a blonde,
And each of the other so equally fond.
In many respects they are "twins" indeed;
Certain others, "Take the will for the deed."

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TO ——, (AFTER VACATION.)

Am glad you returned to the City,
  Hope you are here to stay,
As an editor, wise and witty,
  Forever, and for a day.

I am also glad to know
You are still in statu-quo,
So happy, busy and sunny,
And making a little money.

The gleaming intelligence of your face,
The goodly share of womanly grace
You carry with you every day,
The always knowing, what to say,
In keeping "tab" on matters current,
Acquired fitness, and inherent.

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COMPARISONS.

The genial face and the agile step
Are the face and the step for me.
Most likely win "nine out of ten"
More than "two best out of three."

The beaming eye on passing by,
Light hearted, glad and free,
Are pleasing and inspiring—
Worth living long to see.

'Tho "comparisons are odious"
One may frankly—must admit—
The sluggish one, to look upon
By contrast, "isn't in it."

ANSWERED.

A little bird once came to me
And sang a song so merrily.
"Whoever sent you here," said I.
"The spirit of love," was the reply.
The answer wafted in sweetest song
Or love, or spirit, was cherished long.

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CHOICE OR FAVORITE.

It is, indeed, a difficult task
To determine one's favorite flower,
Or violet, or lily, or rose.
Who knows? Who knows?
There are so many from which to select
Change one's mind, cause to reflect
For an hour, as to one's favorite flower.
In Literature, or prose, or verse,
One's favorite is (who knows?) or worse,
Since really so many are ever so clever
Try naming a choice, impossible ever—
Or whether of fact or of fiction,
It is true, make no contradiction.
Is it so of the human family?
We have our favorites you and me,
So well we love "some persons" best,
But little is left for all the rest.

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ROMANCE.

(From Fact.)

Now here is a beautiful tree,
  Have guarded it from a sprout,
Do spare it, kind sir, for me
  While clearing the others out.
Am fond of the "grand old" trees—
  Leave this one, if you please.

Under it's branches I first met,
  Loved and wooed as lovely maid
As ever walked the sod, sir;
  Deprive us not of its shade.

All these long, long years it
  Has stood each succeeding storm,
And now it marks the sacred mound
  Of wife, Mother. Refrain from harm.

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TO —— ON RUBY WEDDING.

"Harry" and "Dolly" and "Dolly" and "Harry"
Long, long years ago decided to marry.
And marry they did on a certain day—
Third of October the calendars say.

Sweethearts all this time and more,
As greatly determined as ever before
To win and hold each others affection
At whatever cost, and in this connection;

Exchange of gleanings, reading together;
Sunny, however stormy the weather,
Harmonious, blending the two in one
More substantial than the usual run.

Till days of doubts and fear are gone
Of guessing and uncertainty,
They hail with joy the gladsome dawn
Thirty-five years since wedding day.

Then here's to me heart and to me hand,
The Dooleys are dandies—Bohemians—and
So generous to a fault I find,
Shall thusly ever bear them in mind.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Thou lily of the valley,
  Blooming in beauty rare,
Fulfilling a sweet mission.
  'Twas God who placed thee there.

Growing in all pertection,
  Not caring to be seen,
Seeking remote seclusion
  So modest and serene.

Scarce had thy flower unfolded,
  Superbly full and fair,
A cruel hand hath crushed thee
  Ruthless and unaware.

'Tis simply a transplanting,
  Thy yield will be more bright;
Beautiful and eternal,
  Clothed in celestial light.

* * * * *

"Then I think of one who in
  Her youthful beauty died,

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The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.

Yet not unmeet it was that one
Like that dear young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers."

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

By winding road in Fairmount
Is seen a little mound;
"Papa's Chum Gone,"
On simple headstone found.

To many eyes it brings the tears,
As to a broken heart refers.
Known by all who pass that way,
And Papa has their sympathy.

The little fellow had made himself useful leading the blind father.

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WEIGHED FIVE POUNDS.

Speaking of turkey reminds me
Ten days before Thanksgiving
Our minds were bent on living
As well as on any day before,
Have as many good things, or more.
Then it was our darling boy
With pocket-book and greatest joy
Was started out to look about,
Nothing more nor less than that
To find a gobbler that was fat.
It was early in the morning
And soon it was that he
Saw a rare looking specimen
On a lone and spreading tree
That the turkeys were adorning;
Then it was that he did mention
To the farmer his intention
Taking home a turkey living,
After honest money giving.
Plucked a fine one from the roost,
On the "all right" scales did boost.
"Ah! Fine and fat it is," he says,

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"Fifteen pounds is what it weighs."
Although it was a healthy bird
Of such a head whoever heard,
For after those ten days well fed
Weighed but ten pounds without the head.

ALL COMPLETE.

A little cluster, trash and straw,
All neatly finished and round,
A little pair of birdies
Nesting upon the ground
With no sort of a shelter,
Perchance a little weed.
God cares for the tiny creatures,
It is wonderful, indeed.
However delicate and small
"Nor doth a single sparrow fall."

A little nest of speckled eggs,
Two birdies—man and wife—
Are never known to disagree.
Surely there is no strife.
A little nest of birdies,
Brown and pretty and sweet,
List to their gentle cooing,
What could be more complete.

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NO CREDIT.

I had a fellow for a friend
With all the faculty,
Of make believe, who would pretend
I was the only.

Once on a time when busted
He asked me for a lift,
I loaned him ten, mistrusted—
As well have been a gift.

At first I rather prized him
But caught him in a lie,
And later realized him
Dead head of deepest dye.

Could that ten tell the story
Of how my pockets leak,
But then it can't, begory,
It is to others Greek.

But little thanks for being poor,
Sin to let others beat you,
'Aint goin' to do it any more,
Till someone proves untrue.

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BIRD LOVE.

"Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful
As constant in love."
Not infrequently I see the birdies kiss,
Indeed they do, often as any lovers.
In bird life, there is unbounded bliss,
So much not hidden under covers.
No carefully drawn curtain
When sweetest song is sung
(Like courtings mostly done)
Is the birds' unbounded happiness
Kept in seclusion from the world.
If such gay plumage and sweet song
Are meant for one, and only one,
They are by more seen and enjoyed.
Not sweetest song by some dim light
But rather at the dawn of day.
Is this not right? And no monopoly.
On rising sun and blushing East
No maiden's crimson cheek
For kisses vainly wished.
Oh, for the joy of birds

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'Mongst humans introduced,
And live wings for plumage
Instead thereof of dead.
Birds love by living action,
No empty word is said.

JEALOUSY.

A beautiful bride on a bright sunny day
Was bathing in a branch when, sad to say,
By some ill fate or dire mischance
She lost her ring of shining gold
In the water deep, as I am told.
Screamed for the giver, "Husband, dear,"
Who said, "It is gone forever, I fear,
It may turn up is my hope and wish."
Was afterward found inside of a fish
At a restaurant on the table.
How verily romance or fable
A thing so unusually rare—
It was placed on the bill of fare;
And so greatly effected a sort of dude
That he called it bologna, a thing so rude
The bride made a break at the fellow's head.
A terrible scrap, they were taken out dead,
When on being buried in a single grave
The groom was jealous, and started to rave.

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FASHION.

There are black birds with red wings,
And red birds with black wings
  Soon to have no wings at all.
There are blondes and brunettes
With wings on their hats—
  Was it Eve induced Adam to fall?
Only think of the flood
Of the poor birds' life blood
That hath flown just alone
  For the thoughtless and vain,
With the birds, blood is blood,
Life is dear as to you;
  From so brutal fashion refrain.

TAKE A TUMBLE.

A Tumble weed in fairy land
Came tumbling into a brownie band.
All went on board the lovely train,
Enjoyed a spin in the dashing rain.
Most jolly crew, as all agreed,
Taking a ride on a tumble weed.

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THE NIGHT BIRD.

I have one little bird
  That sings in the night,
Whose happiness voices over
  Long before daylight.
Takes his rest between times,
  Makes merry while he may,
Sings because he has to,
  From what I hear him say:
    "To-whit, to-whit, to-whir-r-r."
Is not a very pretty bird
  A most modest little thing
Shies to the utmost pinnacle:
  Then makes the welkin ring:
    "To-whit, to-whit, to-whir-r-r."
Wish all might hear him sing.

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TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

In the silent watches of the night,
A sight came o'er me that was a sight.
The "people" ask Congress for a monument
And with it alone would be content.
Like Cleopatra or the obelisk
And fully satisfied with this.

A tribute to labor inscribed thereon
In plainest English following form,
"To labor we owe, our very existence,"
Signed by all the congressmen
With the greatest resistance.

Majestically towering toward the sky,
Constructed of something of value high,
Say, for instance, the silver bullion,
And issue a hundred and fifty million
With four per cent on posterity,
Heritage of lasting drudgery.

And then a tombstone to stand thereby
With simple inscription to catch the eye

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In memory, O the congressmen of a nation,
Who gave more tax than representation.

Hand the rascals down to history
In their proper light;
Preserve them to posterity,
Perfect parasite

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,
I observe it still fastly falling,
And sleighing is perfect, immense;
For a drive I am quite in suspense.
For O the beautiful snow
That makes a sleigh go,
Light hearts sprightly beat,
Is still fastly falling

On house top and street.
All this being so, will you please
Let me know just when we can go
How for instance to-night?
The moon will shine bright
And though our ears tingle
We'll hear the bells jingle.

Digitized by Google

MODERN MINING.

Mines and electricity
So great in their import,
Working on the skirmish line,
Aforetime, held the fort;
What the future hath in store
Mining easier and more,
Not to be determined yet,
Ripe for it, the time is set;
Strictly up against each other—
Have you not seen the smoke?
So much less need of muscle,
Tell you, it is no joke.

Less money out, more to make,
Mining is to take the cake.
No more hammer, no more drills,
Melt the ore and make it run
Like they do at the mills,
And catch the molten stuff
In iron trains, do enough
To make up for lost time,
When mining's reached its prime.
A field that is so very great
Can scarcely have an ultimate.
In many things, electricity
Is doing all that needs to be.

Digitized by Google

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Halt you now on your downward career;
Face about.
Acquired depravity's the unpardonable sin
There is little doubt.
To whisky, tobacco, profanity your about
Half gone;
And, too, along the downward career
You're far from being alone.

How many wrecks there are by the way,
By the way how many a wreck,
Good character's sterling currency
Till its opposite taketh effect.

That great big I of selfishness
Is very certainly God
Careth little for other's feelings
And scarcely common clod.

Vascillating, impetuous, irascible,
And other such things as these,
It is next thing to impossible
For others ever to please.

Digitized by Google

Oh God have mercy on the inhuman race;
That He will I hope and expect;
For a better breed there's plenty of space,—
Its a matter of cause and effect.

AT THE THEATER.

(Whispered to escort:)

If it don't offend your lady friend
Have her remove that hat—
Spoils the effect, you may expect.
Please to remove that hat;
Feathers high twixt stage and I,
Sight me to remove that hat;
I'd rather die than sit and try—
O, say, I am tired of that;
May be sagacious, but audacious
If she don't remove that hat—
Do not expect me to get the effect
Anything short of that.
Have only seen twixt feathers green—
O, thank you, ma'am, for that.
What helps me to see the fun
Is also good for the general run,
So glad you removed that hat.

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LITTLE HATTIE.

A certain little girl I knew
  Bathed her raven locks with dew,
Arranged them at the rain-barrel
  Fairly well, precise and true.

Hast'ning thither to the garden,
  Longed to dwell among the flowers,
The "ideal" to her was real,
  Daily ling'ring there for hours.

Drinking from the fount of Nature
  Mirrored in the crystal stream,
Birds and bees were her companions,
  Their sweet philosophy to glean.

Thus she grew to high attainments
  The most gentle and refined;
The inoffensive and defenseless
  She did defend, exceeding kind.

And thus so well associated
  In her plastic tender years

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Feels it keenly evil-fated
Children prisoners kept indoors.

"Dingy, dirty halls and stairways;
Stunted, starved, in trucky towns.
Cities suitable for children?
Scarcely more than see the ground."

Thousands of our dainty tendrills,
Slightly more than half alive,
Most pitiful, sallow, slender, of
Sun and out-door life deprived.

Get them out into the country,
Give the little ones a show;
Purer air for brain and muscle,
Let them have a chance to grow.

GRADUATION.

As now we see in these roses,
Completeness of growth is ended,
May growth of completeness in you
Thus begun, be forever extended.
May thy life be pure and complete
As these flowers at thy feet.
Each day better than the last,
Blessings ever thus to cast.

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A PICTURE.

He took the children while at play,
The afternoon of an April day.
They did not know that this was done—
Were taken by surprise at home.

It was a very pretty thing,
It seemeth one can hear them sing.
He even caught their very laugh,
So true to life the photograph.

A little group of happy faces,
And many other pleasant traces—
Porch and playthings—all are in
A mirthful group, unknown to sin.

Heart and life so glad and free,
Without the slightest mystery,
Most they know is laugh and song,
Scarce have even heard of wrong.

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Father, may they be kept as pure,
Unknown to sin forevermore;
The ten commandments all obey,
Keep growing better every day.

UNDER MY PLATE.

"Could I of lovelier mansion be possessed
Than in their hearts to dwell a welcome guest?"

"Mamma and baby leave a kiss
For papa, and a share of bliss.
Find hot things in the oven
For your dinner loven.
When we go out to call
You see you get them all.
In this you are the winner
When we're away to dinner."
This was found. I looked around.
No mamma and no baby.
"Home tonight," 'spose it's all right,
They've gone to visit maybe.
Although it's lonesome, they will come
For sure without them it is not home.
Plenty to eat and dainty dishes,
Love and kisses and best wishes,
Papa found the latter best
To help to make the meal digest.

Digitized by Google

SANTA CLAUS.

He brought baby the biggest doll
About, in all of Denver;
Almost half as tall as she,
Not less than half as slender;
Dark brown eyes and rosy cheeks,
Looks so bright as if she speaks.
All sought her to befriend her.
One à brunette, the other a blonde,
Have become fast friends, very fond
Of each other, and I am told
Are chummy and correspond.
When either's away an hour or day;
Nor ever short on something to say
'Bout Santa Claus, and other things,
How blessed Christmas always brings
Some new and glad surprise—
Why it is that some disguise
Makes this world a fairy land
And children part of Brownies' band,
Till now it is they realize
And understand, and estimate
Something very good and great

Digitized by Google

Takes place every Christmas date
As well as Eighteen Ninety Eight.
Thus understood, they then resign
To await for Christmas Ninety Nine
As one more link in the fairy chain,
Fall asleep in the sweet refrain.

SPOOKS.

I have heard strange things of "Spooks,"
As yet have never seen them.
Have seen strange things, and real,
Of structure strangely slim.
To speak of "Spooks" it makes me feel
That if a skeleton should reel
Right in upon me with a squeal,
Proverbial dry bones—no meat—
How my last vestige of conceit—

* * * * * *

Are you to be a skeleton?
Mayhap a "Spook;" if so, w'y then,
Of the reality in fiction
Opposing "Spooks" creates a friction.

(Note—Thirteen lines composed on Friday the 13th.)

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AT THREE.

I does des lots of fings
However smart or otherwise,
Of which I neber mention,
Sometimes spring a question
Dat dibs 'em quite surprise.
Den I pays no attention,
They fink I's bery wise
From all I hear and see.
'Tis what I do not know
A little bird tells me.

Some day I'll be big as sister,
She is ten years old,
And den if fings don't suit me
I will right up and scold.
Now if I even start to frown
Mamma and sister call me down.
Big folks have a monopoly.
Some day I will have my way.
I will be big and have a beau,
Just like other folks I know.

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A PROPHECY.

Sweet little maiden that I know,
Lottie Collie, as names do go,
With pearly teeth as white as snow,
Complexion pinkish, all aglow;
Eyes that sparkle, curls that grow,
Sweet little maiden that I know.

Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,
Too much laughter to grow thin;
Full of mischief, free from folly,
Sweet little maiden, Lottie Collie.

Fond of music, birds and flowers,
Strokes her kitty hours and hours;
Horses are pets to her, and such
Gladly receive her tender touch;
Takes good care of "Little Dolly,"
Sweet little maiden, Lottie Collie.

Now, after a dozen years gone by,
So short to her, she's going to try
To grow more beautiful, pure and sweet,
Sweet little maid I chanced to meet.

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OUR BABY.

"All kin' o' smiley roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes."

Darling blue-eyed, laughing baby,
With rosy dimpled cheeks.
What else is half so cunning
As baby when she speaks.
Tries to say most ebery fing,
Tries to make her dolly sing;
Tries to bother papa
When he wants to write.
He can scarce resist her,
With face and eyes so bright,
Yet he sometimes puts her out,
Then there's sure to be a pout.
Mamma smiles at ways so simple,
Baby laughs and deeper dimple
Comes in rosy cheeks—a wimple
Only two years old,
Older hearts may hold.

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BABY IS GONE.

Now she is sleeping with the quiet dead,
The cherished one,
Cut off in health, the short life fled
In verdant bloom.
Fair, happy, bright, in beauty clad,
Now gone to rest.
Well may Old Mother Earth be glad.
Can it be best?

Our hearts are swelling, bursting now
And crushed to bleed.
O, how we mourn our little darlings,
Life forever fled.
Her playthings scattered on the floor
While she is gone
And will be seen with them no more,
Dear little one!

The lovely walks among the trees
Are silent now
That the cold death dew has gathered
On her brow.

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The sweet and golden ringlet curls
Upon her head
Do deck the darkness of the coffin.
Of the dead.

Tenderly now we bury her beneath
The tree she loved,
Close by the very path and flowers
Where oft she roved.
The branches of the beauteous fir tree
Still will wave
In lone and solemn stillness, hereafter
O'er her grave.

Good-by dear, gentle, lovely, little one,
'Tis hard to sever
The sacred bonds of love, and bid
Good-by, forever.

WELCOME DEATH.

The night bird calls me now again;
I welcome death; list the refrain:
"Late, late, so late; come in, come in."

Much that was promised, I could not do,
But now am called and I must go.
"Come in, come in; late, late, so late."

Digitized by Google

LITTLE FLORA.

TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

"Life's moments seem like clustered stones,
The happy shine in brightest tears.
And then to make them brighter still
The sad, between the diamonds fill
Their space with gloom."

There is music in a step,
  There is sunshine in a face,
There is beauty in a growth
  That science cannot trace.

Recollections, Oh how sweet!
Of the sound of little feet
Tripping lightly on the floor
(We shall hear them now no more).

So great blessing in this life
  Can another realize—
God in heaven Thy will be done,
  Do thou safely guard our prize.

Digitized by Google

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

I saw a child in the muddy street
Let fall a tear as it stopped to greet
A haughty man with a plea for bread.
'Twas a faint appeal, but the stranger said:
"My child, your grief is dire and deep,
But mine is so wild, I cannot weep."

Is it all in a dream? My pulse throbs slow—
My heart is chilled and the fire burns low.
I walked in a garden, a garden fair;
I gathered the sweetest flower there—
Is it so?

I made it a bower, it lighted the room;
I loved it, my heart forgot all its gloom
And the moments passed like a fair spring day
With its singing birds, when the flowers of May
Bud and bloom.

Does Time keep a book? Let him turn to the line
Where my flower bloomed, a flower divine.

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Says the book of Time, and it comes from above,
To bring only one message, the message of love—
Love divine.

My message—no, not for me alone,
For the world is wide and the great unknown
Has a care over all in his love for me—
I am only taught what the world may see
But not own.

For the love of my babe as it laughed on my breast
Binds the earth to the sky and the east to west;
Binds the bird to its nest and the land to the sea,
And my children who live binds them closer to me
Heaven blest.

Time close up the book, though your stay is brief,
In the love of my God must these tears find relief.

Digitized by Google

WAITING FOR JESSIE.

Jessie, dear Jessie, on the Capitol steps,
I'm waiting for thee this glorious morn.
Nature is teeming with verdure and beauty,
The mountains loom up, the city adorn.

A scene such as this suggestive of heaven,
Surpassingly fair, how the blendings excel,
Landscape spreading forth, the steeples point skyward
Proclaiming conditions that words cannot tell.

Fair Denver is nestling luxuriant in valley,
The Cherry and Platte are wending their way;
The song birds put forth their happiest chorus,
The American flag waves most gloriously.

Now you suggest I'm inclined to be clanish.
May this superb view inspire you betimes
And bear you in mind, the muses all vanished
When you did appear, dispelling my rhymes.

Digitized by Google

"OH, SAY, 'ISN'T IN IT.'"

Come off the dump,
  Any old thing,
You'll have to hurry,
  That's got the ring.

She is a Lulu
  Shootin' the shoots,
Pretty as a speckled pup,
  You bet your boots.

Stuck on your shape;
  Well, I like that,
Felt like thirty cents—
  Where'd you get that hat?

Wouldn't that jar you?
  Well, I should smile;
Get there all the same,
  Arter a while.

How do you stack up?
  Well, I guess yes,

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Who's adoin' this
And Good-by, Sis.

Get a hump on yourself
And bug house begory,
"You'll have to show me"
Another—dictionary.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

I came to Colorado
A skeleton walking ghost,
And Oh, what music it was to me
To hear others of health to boast:
"I gained ten pounds the first three months,
Next twelve months twenty more."
My medicine "got left" on the shelf,
A "thing of the past" drug store.
And now I enjoy good health again
Like many another with only one lung.

"The sky was clear,
The air pure and bracing,
Dry and light.
It was a soothing experience
Inhaling health."

Digitized by Google

LEADVILLE.

Historic "City of the Clouds,"
Gold excels and snow enshrouds;
Almost two miles above sea level,
Where it snows to beat the devil,
Yellow stuff is stored,—so much
Men most go wild to be in touch.
Don't stop for weather or anything,
Drills and picks make the welkin ring,
Smoke stacks and smelters by the acre,
No place more favored of the Maker.
Where faithful prospectors had roamed,
Some scores of miles are honeycombed,
Shafts and tunnels everywhere,
Who fail "its neither here nor there,"
For lab'ring hard year after year
Goes bravely on and never fear
Mining underground or over;
(Who makes a "strike" is in the clover.)
Some lease and bond for thousands many,
Who climbed the hill without a penny;
Several Strattons in the state,
This camp is well up on the slate,

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The least successful feel so good,
The miner's master of his mood.
"For gold is where it's found" they say,
And here's a camp that's come to stay.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

A sweet little bird on neighboring tree,
In plaintive tones did say to me:
"The birds are often sad
As well as the human family.
Cause to mourn, my heart doeth break
For the sacrifice this day I make;
A ruthless boy so wickedly
Robbed me of that most dear to me—
The tiny nest I have guarded well,
A victim to the slayer fell;
And contents for which I would die
My heart is breaking, My, Oh, My!"

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CANON CITY.

I sat on the banks of a river
Composing a bit of verse,
Thought how cities might be better,
How others might be worse.
On the banks of Old Arkansas
In Canon City or quite,
A river for centuries running
So swiftly, day and night,
Dear old historic Arkansaw
And Canon City so fair,
With privileges most marvelous
Most salubrious bracing air.
Sweet breath of the Royal Gorge,
Nine-tenths of the time, bright sun,
So exceptional advantages
Over cities, of almost none, where
No water leaping, bounding by
Pure crystal at command,
No orchard, acres miles and miles
No broad and fertile land,
No coal, no smelters, home-grown fruits,
No beauteous blending snowy peaks,

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No gorgeous mountains all around,
No one who knows whereof he speaks,
No better health resort is found,
No sparkling springs of mineral,
No climate half so equable,
No just a mile above the sea,
No air of utmost purity,
No Switzerland Italian sky
No such appeal to poetry;
No hustling railroads, two or three,
No others that are soon to be;
No one knows the reason why
No contrasts, but attract the eye.
'Twas God who said, "let there be light,"
I say, Old Canon, you'r all right.

NEATNESS.

The birds surpass all human neatness,
Their toilet shows exact completeness.
Each day they take their bath,
Give time to toilet more by half
Than the average person, day or night,
Hence look so clean and neat and bright,
Practice secrets of beauty and health,
Possess and enjoy the truest wealth.

Digitized by Google

SUPERSTITIONS.

Human thought *creates* what it imagines, the phantoms of superstition project their real deformity, and live by the very terrors they produce. They owe their being to the delusions of imagination, and to the aberration of the senses, and are never produced in the presence of any one who knows and can expose the mystery of their monstrous birth.

See Thomas J. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," page 291.

Also the day of our own Cotten Mathers, the witch-killer is still fresh in memory.

Horseshoe and rabbit's foot,
Thirteen and Friday;
"Sure thing," failure or success
More than you have an idea.
When you start do not go back;
Courage you will never lack.
Sleep to Northward with your head,
Don't put your hat upon the bed.
All fixed rules and necessary,

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Dare not, diverge or vary.
Raise umbrella in the house
Some say is ominous;
Out of doors, "Well, I guess yes,"
To raise your Ebinezer worse.

WILL O' THE WISP.

Freak or friction,
Fact or fiction,
  Will or Will o' the Wisp.
In the damp and in the dark
  Mystically whisp.

Blueish, purpleish and streakish,
So phantastically freakish,
  Suggestive of a light.
Will-o-Willy tell me
  Is this not right?

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MADNESS.

Whom the gods would quite destroy
'Tis said "they first make mad."
Suppose it's so, I do not know;
First heard it when a lad.
I never caught them in the act
Though it's supposed to be a fact.

I do not understand the meaning
Of many of the larger sayings;
But I have stood where madness had
To do with some awful slayings.

In other cases much more mild,
When persons unsophistic
Have said to me (my blood has biled)
That I was egotistic.

The gods mayhap were in the skies,
My madness it was ample;
One holds one's temper if he tries
Or sets a bad example.

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CURIOSITY.

All of the curious people
  Are requested to convene
At some sequestered spot
  Not always on the green.
Say church in consequence
  To see and be seen,
Now add your name upon the list
  And every other listener,
And think of the unnatural twist
  In the neck of some good sister.

MEDITATIONS OF SPRING.

I am in love with the birds and flowers,
And I feast my soul on them for hours.
A night bird sweetly sings in the dark,
Then with the dawn, the trill of the lark
Greets me with its joyous strain
As it leads the others in glad refrain;
Blend with the flowers in plumage gay,
Lasting good cheer, in their melody.
All rejoicing April showers,
One may drink deep, ye heavenly powers.

Digitized by Google

HOTEL EXPERIENCE.

Some guy has just meandered
  Past my door;
Time—something after one A. M.,
  Two, three, four.

Forty people, sound asleep,
  All up and down the hall
Awakened by the pond'rous tread,
  Astonished one and all.

Inserts his self-importance
  In every step he takes;
Some ill-bred, uncouth fellow,
  Tell by the fuss he makes.

Had heard some awful snoring,
  The plastern almost break;
Someone, we held, was fast asleep,
  Not held—for his mistakes.

Whose snoring was spontaneous,
  Spasmodic else combusting—
As by one voice it was agreed
  Said guy was most disgusting.

Digitized by Google

SONG AND DANCE.

"He loves to dock the smaller parts of speech
As we curtail the already curtailed cur."

Contrasting of the minute, with the minuet,
  Difference is greater than first was thought.
The U-t-e's an Indian, as seen at a glance,
  Aforesaid minuet, a slow, graceful dance.

Sixty seconds make a minute—
  May be Indians either sex,
When they die will go to heaven—
  Only proper to expect.

A still more striking treatise
  Of similar dissimilarities,
Is the relation Indians bear
  To some historic treaties.

A channel wide, seems to divide
  The wise from otherwise;
The one keeps out of trouble,
  The other always seeing double.

Digitized by Google

Then what is meant by monument?
Also what by development?
Or that a man a "grafter" is
So long as minus good intent.

Too! there's the case of rain and reign,
One comes easy, and the other—hard.
But rulers can't produce a rainbow
With crown elated, envious of the Lord.

The vaguest vagaries ever yet
Rest between "mun" and funny;
Who can enjoy the minuet
One minute without money?

FROM FACT.

'Bout five every mornin'
There's a rigler pit-a-pat
'Thout the slightest warning.
No more sleep arter that.
Perchance sink into semi-doze,
Straightway get a punch on nose
Whatever else as comes and goes,
May escape a gouge in eyes,
Unintentional, or otherwise.
Nor any longer a new beginner
To trundle bed, you little sinner.

Digitized by Google

THE BICYCLE BUSTER.

Bicycle comin' down the street,
Me "on the side," she in the seat,
Seemingly steering for the moon
Strikes a lamp pŏst, ah! too soon.

The thing seemed fairly possessed
I say, entirely bent on running away
With the prettiest girl in town.
First she'd laugh, then would frown,
And then she would stamp and yowl
When the umpire called a foul.

Now, here's to your wagon,
  And here's to your sled,
And to a train of cars,
  That girl kept at it—
I was half dead—
  We wrestled that wheel for hours.

No snail ever made a butterfly—
It takes a stickler to win—
Said she: "I'll learn to ride or die,
For I started at it to win."
And win she did—with a capital D—
Now they swear, could climb a tree.

Digitized by Google

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

There is many a man in the world
Who cares not a mite for his word.
Is it you? If it is wear the shoe.
Do not think you're a liberty bird,
Always free to go back on your word.

Somebody was waiting for you
To keep the engagement you broke.
You have sinned by wasting their time;
You meant it not when you spoke.

Somebody had better take care;
It makes one so badly appear,
Breaking promises faster than boys
Were ever known to break toys,
Nor is there a factory mending integrity.

I will give you a pointer, my friend,
That I think it might help to send
You right straight to hell,
For you know very well

Digitized by Google

That bad faith will tell, in the end,
If you promised what you didn't intend.

* * * * *

There is yet a moral standard,
All men are not depraved.
You are not beyond redemption—
Call a halt and you are saved.

THE CIRCUS.

How everybody stretched their necks
To see the caliope.
One hopes to see what one expects
And realize his hope;
Except the horses, though, I trow
That so stood on tiptoe.

The circus may be a good thing,
But makes the hostler cuss,
Or she—or sir—cir-cus—the fuss
The driver made
Eclipsed the caliope
And left it in the shade.

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THE BATH.

The Legislature should pass a law
  Relating to the landlord
Who builds a house without a flaw,
  The bath to have reward.

A penalty to be imposed
  Upon the person whom,
And not permit it occupied
  In absence of such room.

If "cleanliness is Godliness,"
  Or next to it or quite,
Bless the landlord when he builds
  For doing it just right.

Cursed be the Legislature
  Not passing such a law,
That "hot" and "cold" and porcelain
  Must be the line to draw.

Cursed be the whole community
  Who tolerates the man

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Short of a scalding twice a week,
Is "no good" citizen.

And blessed be the towels and soap
Thrice blessed they that make them.
The dolt will take the hint, I hope.
If not, why not? and then some.

I would rather be clean
Than congressman.

YOU'RE ANOTHER.

"No news is good news,"
Another good old saying;
Were you ever short on news
Discounted in the weighing?
Incongruous paradox,
Systematic, sly old fox.
Notwithstanding, although, but,
Nevertheless but thusly.
No "noos" is too good news
For the average nuisance,
Let the old saying say.

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THE BLOOMER FARM.

(Proposal Extraordinary.)

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!
I would like to own a farm,
Just across the fence from yours,
And see the constant swarm
Of bonnie, bucksom maidens
In bloomers or in tights,
As in and out of doors
They are putting things to rights.

Chorus:

Oh, Bloomers in the furrow,
Bloomers on the milking stool;
Only mention the tomorrow
When you'll have to have a school.
O, Bloomers in the furrow,
Bloomers on the milking stool;
You will never have a school
For the children.

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!
Are you in too big a hurry-

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To perpetuate your lineage
For the future generation?
Is the latch string never out,
If a man should come about?
Is your's to be the universal station?

Chorus:

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!
Were the women all so very,
Are you having any trouble
Getting converts to your school?
Of the thoroughly mature,
Are you always certain sure?
Tell us how you work it, as a rule.

Chorus:

Dr. Mary! Dr. Mary!
If you'll take me in cahoots
I will agree to furnish
Every single pair of boots
Just to get the combination.
Have you any hesitation?
Would you listen to a suitor if he suits?

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WHAT ARE LEGS FOR?

"O, it was pitiful! In a whole city full
Legs there were none."

Most legs are over a yard in length,
Depend on how much used for strength.
Some legs become as a slender stem,
Would seem the owner had deserted them.
Of legs some are never heard to speak,
Nor ever walk, they have grown so weak.
Instead they sit or ride the while
Since walkings gone so out of style.
Know then thyself of laziness great,
Else the human race will degenerate.

Of animals wearing the boot or shoe,
Nineteen hundred and two
Thousand so like to put on style,
Are never known to walk a mile.
Some are poor and some are wealthy—
Nay, all are poor, for not so healthy
(*Who think too much of foot or face*
Become a curse to the human race.)

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Those who lounge and puff and blow
Dread distance of one stone's throw.
Always ride, and pay their money,
Declare that walking's "not so funny."
Some try to walk and then complain:
"O, dear, it always gives me pain,
No matter if walking's my best friend.
O, dear, I can't! I'll try and send."
Some, however, not that way,
Have walked forty miles a day.
Question? Not the like of you.
It simply shows what legs can do.
Who walk the most for pleasure
Know best their health to treasure.

Some there are who walk for hours
Searching fairest wild wood flowers.
Learn to know each crevice and nook,
The shining pebbles in rippling brook;
Carpets of mosses and where they grow,
What deep, thick shade; they always know
The sweetest breath of purest breeze,
Songs the birds sing, bushes and trees,
Gathering the leaves and bright bouquets
Adorn their rooms in delightful ways.
On each return after strolls they take
Whose ruddy cheeks none can mistake.

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FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

(In Chicago.)

Something got the matter of me,
Or how or when or which
Is not the burden of my speech.
(Grandmother called it a stitch)
Such an awful pain in my side
Drew me down, couldn't walk or ride.
Called on my faithful physician,
  Without him I could not live;
He sized me up, felt of my pulse,
  A prescription at once did give.
The foregoing was the number,
  As strange as it may seem,
Somethin' wrong with that many—
  The druggist's face was agleam.

O, that health were contagious
  Betimes instead of disease.
But hold! I fear I am taking cold;
  Am already beginning to sneeze.

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PALLIDA MOSS.

(Pale Death.)

"There on the green enamel plain
Were shown me the great spirits,
By whose sight I am exalted, in my high esteem,
The place is all thick spread, with sepulcher,
And none o'er them keep watch;
So may thy lineage find at last repose
When on futurity the portals close."

The plains far out in the golden west
Are strewn with bones of man or beast
Gone out to die where the sun goes down,
Nor yet forgotten in native town.
There bare and bleached by wind and sun
They lie together, their course is run.
Have had their feasts, their day is done.
The skulls are white as driven snow,
The teeth are set that none may know
From whence they came or whither go;
Yet there they lie and seem content.

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Perchance on gold they all were bent;
What matters it today, tomorrow,
Or victims of old age or sorrow.
The chase or red man's skillful arrow,
(What matters it if bones are bare?)
Though shuffled off this mortal coil
They still are found on top of soil.
No narrow grave, they have all space,
And nary tombstone to misplace,
Or chiseled scroll e'er to deface,
Nor limit merely to one race—
Alike embrace them one and all,
However great, however small.
It is not so in cemetery—
I have not found it so—not very.
Yet many's the man that's died out alone,
Many's the smooth and bleaching bone,
Nor smile, or frown, on a skull is shown—
Many long since dead have never worried,
'Bout how or where or whither buried,
With nothing to show, or glad or sorry;
Then why, O why should a person worry?

I thought to myself while taking note,
I'd as soon be a supper for the wild coyote;
The bear or badger or this or that,
As thrown overboard to the finny cat.

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A LIVING LADDER.

A wealthy old farmer named Hackney
Had some very fine stock, known as the donkey.
(This is a true story though ne'er before narrated)
His boys had a ladder 'n which th' blood circulated,
Of tough and withy timber, flexible and limber,
"Unknown to any tools," the boys used to say.
In case of thirst or hunger, 'n anything that way,
Would always make it known by a solitary bray:
"Aw-he-aw-he-aw-h-e-awhe-aawhee-eahwate."

Nor was there another ladder of half so many rounds
Being stationed on a farm—it'd help t' plow th' grounds.
This ladder was an-animal—iron gra' mu-le.
The boys 'd come a-riden oft'n on its back t' school,
'Nd thar 't loved t' stay 'n the range th' live-long day
As a source of great amusement for th' boys 'n girls t' play.

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An unusual convenience t' have you'll shortly see
In the way of two large bumps
On one-e-hine k-n-e-e—
One just above, one just below;
And the g-i-r-l-s and bo-ys 'd mount just so
The mule was gentle 'n off it went;
And two could ride 'thout a-c-e-n-t
So the whole school on pleasure bent
De-clar-ed the bu-mp-s an ornament.

ON TO TEA.

True it has grown a little late;
But we shall soon *re-sip-ro-Kate*
And not be too pre-sip-at-eight
By over eating while we weight
Our stomachs with "such as there is"
Helping ourselves, but know our "biz,"
Nor let them serve us e'en too hard
By pressing the *pre-serves* with lard;
As it has grown a little late
Others have dreamed for what they ate
At ten or twelve and even later,
Not sparing servant and the weighter.

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CONTORTIONISTS.

There were three terrible tumblers
If terrible tumblers be,
A man and his wife and daughter
For they were tumblers three.
The father would toss the girly
High up in the air,
And how gracefully she
Would whirl and spin,
Light on her feet time and again
It was wonderful to see.
Claimed she could board a moving train
Or catch a bird on the wing,
And to help take in the pennies
Never forgot how to sing.
(She sings.)
A humble enterprise for me
To spin and whirl like this for thee
My work is one of charity
To show you all how stiff you be
You regard me rather rompish
But the more you could accomplish
If you were built that way;

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For if shaped and formed
As good as the best
Each part is as nimble as the rest.
O, I'm a little daisy,
Too limber to be lazy,
There are no flies on me.
(Turns to parents and sings:)
Since tumbling is our stock in store
Then we will tumble all the more.
(All tumble.)
Their tongues were not more limber
Than their *joints* you could not see
But surely if they had them
They all unlocked with a key;
It was always worth a quarter
Their tumbling for to see
And by economy and contortion
They tumbled onto a fortune.

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THE SLANDERER

"At Princes—let but satan raise his gun
The more the feathers fly, the more's the fun
E'en the whole world—blockheads and men of
letters—
Enjoy a canonade upon their betters."
There are women and men, and men and women
Like poisonous vipers, and-v-i-l-e, with venom:
The devil's own angels—as it were—with wings
And they grovel along like slimey things;
From house to house, from town to town,—
To get in their work, they're all around.
They need no cause, they seek no gain
But the satisfaction of their disdain:
Of some innocent person, however pure,
They talk with certainty, always sure
As to the time their neighbor fell;
Are always on hand, direct from hell;
Keep place and time in a foul note-book
Are readily known by-their-v-e-r-y-look:
Crook their noses and crane their necks
Swear to lies looking over their specs.
In human form are these men and women—

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Though much of their speech is most inhuman—
So fiery their tongues-the-furious-tools
Whoever escapes them-escapes-the-rule.
Can carry both sides of the conversation
Not lose their breath in the vile naration.
To one man saved by the slanderous tongue
A thousand are lost, and their work goes on.
"Ye gods—deliver the world from such—
Explode the slanderer with magic touch."

THE SKEPTIC.

Is one who ever disbelieves,
  Keeps the trumps all up his sleeves,
Goes about in constant doubt,
  Thinks to put the truth to rout,
Till finally he narrows down
  Features focused with a frown,
Shrivels up, so far near-sighted
  Everything must needs be righted.
No opinions but his own
  Builds about him walls of stone.
Short in optimistic vision,
  His long suit is derision.
Poor fellow! Let him have his say,
  The ice he cuts will melt some day.

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DASHING YOUNG MEN.

These are the fellows, not all fun
The mighty men who made the run
Fetched the multitude to their feet,
Bent them forward to see which beat
Through the grand stand.

Ponderous engines of silver and gold
Fearless firemen so brave and bold,
Hardened against both heat and cold
A fearless dash, less time than told
Through the grand stand.

Twenty feet to the jump, or more
Shook the pillars, as never before:
Fiery steeds 'most burst their girth;
Cyclone fashion, tore up the earth
Through the grand stand.

Of such an affair, who ever heard
So purely original; well officered,
No circus run nor chariot race

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Could compare with such a pace
Through the grand stand.

Bouquets are in order, ye maidens fair;
This Fire Department always "gets there."
Whatever of modesty, and manly grace
In your heart of hearts, would prize a place
Make a grand stand.

(Colorado Springs Carnival.)

CHARIVARI.

Old Jimmie Todd and Leedy Maud—
Young wifey Maudy Lee—were
Recently married by Parson Grave.
Boys came on, a horrible stave,
And gave them a charivari.
Bells and buckets, old pans and gun,
The boys were doing it only for fun,
Some cake, and a bride to see.
When she came on them from the rear,
Thinking to give a little scare,
Possessing no sort of weapon—
Simply waving her apron—
It proved to be all she needed,
For promptly the mob stampeded.

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ON JERRY'S REFORM.

Never resolve more worthy
  Then Jerry Solemon'.s oath
To never again taste whisky
  Has pledged his faith and troth.

Never was man more deserving
  When he, our mutual friend,
Commands the respect of every one,
  And we, our sympathy, lend.

Please accept this little token
  As a guarantee of our love,
That your pledge remains unbroken,
  And strength for your noble resolve.

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BESSIE MILLER.

(A Brilliant Young Indiana Journalist.)

Garde, garde, all the luggers cry,
Mind that lower curve there;
Keep a steady nerve there;
Down, down, between the lake and sky,
Lugging on the Rio Grande.

Deeper the depths and dizzier the heights,
And all the grandest scenery,
It is when Bessie Miller writes
That you will see what you will see.

The canyon walls are yawning overhead,
Coming together, far up toward the sky;
Straining the very telescope, 'tis said;
They notice this, on casual passing by.

And now far down the rushing rivers blend,
Scarce seen above the fearful rocky steep,
While strains of smothered melody ascend,
As of the rainbow's ghost you catch a peep.

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Sudden the train is rounding some short curve;
Nothing but empty space, for miles beneath;
If it had been made, the slightest swerve
Would have amounted to an awful death.

The canyons teemed with fragrant flowers,
Vast mountain sides were decked out, too,
'Bove timber-line, for several hours—
What is it "magic pencil" may'st not do?

Journalist, poet, deft in prose and verse,
Painter of pen-pictures of uncommon mien,
Space forbids the half here to rehearse—
The like of thou I ne'er before have seen.

It does one good to sit in the old arm-chair,
And fairly feel the bracing mountain breeze,
Breathless at scanning each pen-picture fair,
Reading about what Bessie Miller sees.

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ON THE TRAIN.

Seven coaches and on an excursion
Going around the Loop.
All sorts of people, old and young,
All together, they raise a whoop
And yell on the least excuse,
And all changed cars pell-mell.

To a spectator it seems so funny
How people will lose their heads,
Forget all manners, and go a runny
And substitute insteads—on the train.

IMPRESSIONS.

Am well impressed with the fondness for flowers I find wherever I go;
The greatest profusion, fragrant and bright, varieties I do not know.
A splendid effect it has on me to have a bouquet, where I can see.

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BEHAVIOR.

All stared at a beautiful girl
With dimpled chin and fluffy curl,
Shapely features, dress so fine,
Hips and shoulders in perfect line.

Looked like a flower in some bouquet,
Behaved so well the folks did say:
"That girl s been away from home before,
Should be allowed to go some more."

CROONING.

A bit of "crooing" on the train,
Or spooning, as you may say,
Attracts attention, also gains
Notoriety
For the lovers who make love on the train,
Who from making love cannot refrain.

VERY NAUGHTY.

A sweet little child so pretty and bright,
Whose manners disgraced her mother;
Apologized for "as not sleeping last night,"
Was nervous, and that was the bother.
Tho' ever so pretty and daintily dressed
She needed a spanking, as many confessed.

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Not perfect, even in mother's eyes,
What she may do next, have no surprise.

SEATS.

She had paid for one and taken two,
He had paid for two, was holding three;
They had paid for three—held more than four.
In principle would have taken more.
One case, a lady whose little child
Stood bold on a seat as people filed
Along the aisle, said lady scringe
Rather assumed that none should infringe
Or so much as touch the hem of her dress—
Would like to have the earth, I guess;
For old ladies stood and leaned so long,
And old men, too, (who thought it wrong),
Till the "hold ups" reached a certain station
All were glad they had some destination.

MORAL.

You may beat the railroad fifty per cent,
Hold down seats—not pay the rent—
But like as not the time will come
You'll learn manners not taught at home.

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CHRISTMAS TIDINGS.

Peace on earth, good will to men
  Is the song we join in singing.
Let all be happy while we can,
  The Christmas bells are ringing;
Hearts so light and glad and free
Join in common sympathy.
Joy to the world's the song we'll sing
While the Christmas bells are ringing.
The greatest blessing this day sends
Is our true and trusted friend;
And He who closer than a brother
Comes today than any other,
Faithfully His presence lends.
Praise Him for the Christmastide.
In His love we will abide.

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LITERATURE.

Who hath traversed the field of literature
But caught some inspiration there,
What glorious grandeur, crystal pure!
What flower garden half so fair?

The blessings of exalted thought,
By reason reared and logic wrought,
In chapter, page or paragraph,
Is scarcely realized, by half.

Shelves all laden; fiction, fact,
Portrayal of the beautiful,
In daintiest diction, clever tact
Oft times so vivid, more than real.

Hall Caine, Corelli, Davis, Kipling
And others make the welkin ring;
Respectively their message bring
By wondrous power of caroling.

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The pessimist who, in his prime
Criticizes all the time,
Says worthy work's on the decline,
A purpose serves to draw the line.

Whose prophecy, or false or true,
Our books and magazines will do;
Nor creatures limited by fate
For being written recent date.

THE PESSIMIST.

The pessimist is one who can
  Close his heart up like a clam;
Slam the door of his affections
  With the force of battering ram;
Wound all others, till himself
  Lies neglected on the shelf.
And, finally, festers, petrifies,
  Goes out by himself and dies.
Then the weeds grow on his grave;
  Briers, burs, and thistles;
There he nestles in sequestered spot
  Brave heart, before he dies, begins to rot.
Not taking on life-giving forces
  The tree must fall and go to pieces.

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POETS' AND AUTHORS' CLUB.

Thou Poets' and Authors' Club,
By title greatly dignified,
Thy members well do love thee
For thy unvarnished side.
No special ostentation,
'Tis only just to be
A part of thy existence—
Perchance of history.
For all of Colorado
And of our better selves,
Something is said of scenery,
So much of it on the shelves.
The aesthetic side's essential
So surely as is commerce
Now have settled on a place
For only prose and verse,
Where members are allowed to write
Their sentiments in black and white.

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LIGHT READING.

I love to linger a little while
  Now and again with levity;
With literature of lighter vein
  About ten times in seventy;
The happier sets my heart right,
The literature, a little light,
Contributes to a lighter mood;
Light lighter, lightest's good.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

"The mills of the gods grind slow,
  But they grind exceeding fine."
We will suppose a case to know—
  First, form into a line,
Then comes "the devil for us all"
  Without exception—great or small.
The Protestant, so penitent,
  May go below, brimstone to scent,
For sure the sinner's got to suffer
  Mills, in the mind of some old duffer.

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TIME TO PLANT.

"All the trees are in the leaf,
All the grain is in the sheaf;
Fire and frost, heat and snow,
The seasons come and the seasons go;
Buds bloom green, and leaves fall sure,
All in the round of the perfect year."

I dreamed a dream a night ago
And as to facts, thought it was so.
The trees that seemed so bare and dead
That night before I went to bed
Were all leafed out ('twas in my head).
Said Neighbor Jones to Johnny Stout:
"The farmers all must have the gout,
Or some of them would have been out
Before the leaves, without a doubt."
The leaves that tell us when 'tis time
To plant the corn in every clime.
"Yes," Stout replied, "it's even so;
Go tell the rest that they may know
Today I'll haul my wood, and chore,
Tomorrow start a furrow sure."

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There needs but little more be said;
The farmers raise our daily bread;
For times of planting and of sowing
There are none others half so knowing.
Flowers will bloom the birds will sing;
There is a time for everything.
Although there were no leaves growing,
What one will dream, there is no knowing.

CECELIA ON A BIRTHDAY.

Less than one-third of the allotted three score
years and ten hath passed away,
Leaving sweet memories, many the sunny, hap-
py day;
True friends hath thou and buoyant health,
commanding presence, nature's wealth;
Joyous and beautiful, fair of form and feature,
Gentle in temperament, tender to every creature;
Abundant blessings, inherent love of truth,
Well seasoned judgment—considering thy youth—
Keen sense of honor, prize the good and true,
Useful life and happiness, in greatest store for
you.

Digitized by Google

THE "FELLOW" ACROSS THE WAY.

"In her brother's gown, fra-foot-to-crown
She's as fair as a maid can be."

Wammes and overalls of blue,
Clear complexion of rosy hue,
High top boots, old-fashion, bill cap,
Nary a dress to trail or flap;
Bright blue eyes and tresses golden,
No braver heart in times of olden;
Long yellow hair, well buttoned under,
(Just as soon tell you to go to thunder);
Pants in boots and cap with bill,
Her brother's outfit well did fill.
Quick of step and spry of motion,
You may consider she had queer notion.
Though of full age, past twenty-two,
She had no use for dress or shoe
Out in the snow—it would not do;
Out in the cold with gleaming eye,
Immense to see her make snow fly.
Lived on a ranch near a large city,
Few if any there are more witty.

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They had stock to beat the dickens—
Horses, cows and ducks and chickens.
Far, far was she from a shallow pate,
Said to be a college graduate.
She had a lover, whose name was Bert—
Was matter of fact, would never flirt.
To this same lover she did engage,
Though surely a character for the stage.
He was a farmer, with a business eye,
Whose only fault was rather s-h-y.
He was the son of an humble peasant
And took her in for a Christmas present.

She had a piano and well could play,
Would ride on horseback, and go-this-way;
Hadn't th' time, to use her side-saddle,
Would raise the whistle and go a-straddle,
In which respect was her own waiter,
And would holler back: "I'll see you later."

BETTER YET.

That self-same fellow across the way
Could drive a stallion and brown sulky,
Hold so stiff the cambric line
To well compare with looks so fine.
A bright red bay, white foot and star,
Too fat for wrinkles or ribs to show,

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Her ribbons popped on the evening air
Like the crack of a whip, all might know
The "fellow" across the way was there.
However, long was the braid of hair,
When half way down the slender waist,
Betokened the "fellow" had excellent taste.
But better yet the gentleman's cap
Disguised the sex; though the ribbons flap
From the braid the breezes catch.
Some say she's trying to make a match.

"I'll have my drive about three each day,
No matter what the people say.
Will set the very track afire,
For stallions exercise require;
Show folks there are no flies on me,
How it is 'to be or not to be.'
With all the modern kimbal jack,
And in the latest style,
'Bout forty rods a furlong,
And eight furlongs a mile."

Digitized by Google

THE MYSTIC CURVE.

"Her eyes are blue,
My heart is too;
She's out of sight,
My hopes are, quite."

Strikes you all unaware
In ways so light and airy;
Her majesty, ye maiden fair,
Dawns on you like a fairy.

River that beyond the brink
Best of swimmers apt to sink.
"Love is blind," no time to think
Till tangled in the meshes,
Reeds and flags where Cupid drags
The net when maiden fishes.

Sails in upon such lovely eyes,
No life preserver saves him.
Too soon he comes to realize
The Mystic Curve enslaves him.

Digitized by Google

Mystic Curve's a fine spun thread
That never has been listed;
And when it acts upon the head
The heart gets sadly twisted.

A VACUUM.

In taking off a take-off
The take-off of the takest;
"Nature abhors a vacuum,"
The thing the taker makest.
If making of the take-off
You take off in the making,
Taking of the make-off
You make off in the taking.
The summing of the summer
Is the summary of the sum,
Unless the focus crosses
Across the vacuum.

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AT THE SEA SHORE.

Her graceful, shapely form would glide
Through the water with the tide.
Superbly smooth and agile of limb
Shapely and coy, exceptionally trim.
Not too large nor yet too small,
Subject for artist and classics all.
And the wondrous expression
No language can express, nor how
Pleasing the impression made
In her simple bathing dress.
Till me thought it a disfigurement
Of so perfect shape and form
That the usual dry-land dress
Should disguise so queenly charm.

She could swim just like a fish,
  Float and dive mile after mile,
Make the other ladies wish
  That they might adopt her style.

While the men would stand aghast,
Hold their breath, the while she passed
Not unusual the expression:
Surely thou art unsurpassed.

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DAISY DELL.

A dashing, darling daisy,
To beauty reconciled.
It drove me almost crazy
Every time she smiled.

She had another charmer
Whom she was gone upon.
The really greatest beauties
Hail from "Utopion."

THE SWAMP ANGEL.

In taking off an old "take off,"
The chiefest of the fadest,
I take my pencil in my hand
To—land—of all the badest;
For V-I-Z, the swamp angel,
I say, "Come off," "So long, old fel"'
Give us a rest after a spell.
However well you know a swamp
This side of heaven, this side of hell,
Who ever saw swamp angel?

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ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"Who hath scales to weigh the love,
That from heart to heart doth move?"

Friendship is the strangest plant,
I ever saw a growing;
Peeps up twixt the curbstones
Sich ways as no knowin'.
Frost bite cannot affect it,
Lustres with the lapse of time,
Language is inadequate,
Can't be put to rhyme.

Friendship true is foremost,
Makes a heaven on earth;
No true friend is ever lost.
Friendships have their birth
From exchange of gleanings,
Heart to heart and soul to soul,
Is the sort of screenings,
Several on the role.

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COQUETRY.

"I nefer luffed a dear gazelle,
To cheer me mid ids kindling vood
Bud ven I'd come to knew me vell,
Somē vun pud poison in der food."

The duck dives under the water
Till the hunter has gone by.
The fish floundering over the bank
Only make the Nimrod more sly.

The maiden that sets her "trap"
For the "sucker" on the wing,
The former the hunter can stand—
The latter's the meanest thing.
May rope him in with her singing,
Then give him the bounce "By jing."
It's hard enough luck to go huntin'
And come home with an empty bag;
A fellow gits left by his best girl
And feels worse than a "common wag."

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SAW INDIANS.

"Ah me, how long me seemeth e'er the promised help arrived."
Away back in the fifties and in my younger days
There were many Indians, who of as many ways
Caused some to greatly fear for themselves and stock
Out on the frontier—I will tell you of a shock.
When we were out of meat, would go and kill a bear,
And always leave a treat with our neighbor, over there
Some twenty miles away; could make it in a day;
'Cept on comin' back th' Redskins would attack.
In case of no evasion me gun was moral suasion.
Sixteen was all that I could count.
'Twas then I thought I'd jump the bount,
Or first in sight I thought of fllight, but
They saw my dog and fastly floated on a log
Then I guaged the distance, and estimated,
Fired three shots and the battle dated.
My gun was true for afterwards I found
It had punched the log and all were drowned.

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There were badger holes all over the hill,
The reds were drowned, tho' not until
They had shot away the hill and the clay
And only the holes were left to stay.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

I knew a hunter of particular skill
Who when going out would skulk about,
Like a mouse-hawk would sharpen its bill
Or cat its claws—or work its jaws
That nothing may lack before the attack;
Sight over his gun, not alone for fun,
Before the game was found,
So as to shoot on wing or run,
Hit somethin' besides the ground.
He was a' terribly quick on trigger,
And however small or swift or bigger,
Or hard it would git, he'd always hit.
He was a rare exception,
Most fortunate condition,
And realized enough, he said
To buy the ammunition.

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A REVERIE.

When the day is hot and dreary
  And the temperature is high,
When the heat makes one so weary
  And not a cloudlet in the sky,
The old gray cat a nap will take
  Beneath the shadow of the flowers
Scarcely more than half awake,
  While the sun pours down for hours.

When the weather's cold as blazes
  Hies himself upon the fence
Where the melodram-e raises
  Seems to savor of suspense;
Furs on end and soars his praises
  Falters then in what he says is
What the other cats amazes
  Suddenly he takes on hence.
Now a scrap ensues or sooner

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Whether loser or the winner,
Asleep, awake as ain't a sinner
He will be on time for breakfast
And for supper and for dinner
Just the same.

WHERE LIETH THE DIFFERENCE.

Two hunters after a tramp so long
Trudging home with different song,
One sits here and one sits there,
One hungry as wolf, the other as bear—
Now these are different animals,
Their difference some have seen,
How hunters eat like cannibals
The difference lies between,
That both were hungry all concede
So hungry they were hard to feed.
'Seems hunters always get enough
Or something of the kind—
And often are allowed to stuff
On what they didn't find.

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BRAGGADOCIO.

Will tell you a time I wished for a gun
Just to shoot ducks and have some fun,
'Way up in Wyoming, on the Elkhorn road
Out of Valentine; of hunters a load,
Thousands of ducks on a single lake.
We passed on the train a curve to make,
The railroad officials were heavily armed;
Firing commenced (the ducks not alarmed),
Till the ammunition was finally exhausted.
They bought some ducks ,went home and boasted
How they could "shoot," how many they saw,
And the story they told had many a flaw.

THE OWL.

The night owl is winging
His prey home is bringing;
Frae hen roost, leafless bowers,
Having taken his leaving
Just before receiving
A charge frae shotgun of ours.

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FLORENCE.

Florence, thy future none can tell,
With treasure inexhaustible,
Each acre has an oil well
For fifteen miles, and then a spell
Just up the hill, the mineral,
Just down fuel to fill the bill,
Nine mills running, night and day,
Thousands of tons capacity,
Enormous output of finest coal
Of promise great, and sure thy goal,
Five engines busy cutting cars,
Third in state, of commercial powers,
More places to be reached by rail
More inducements to capital
Insure a bigger "bucket brigade,"
A future such as seldom made.
Build over three hundred houses a year,
The place that's growing is one to prefer.
The biggest little town on earth,
A dollar for cot or single berth,
Public spirited pushing men,
"I'm glad to see you, come again."

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Home-grown vegetables, chickens, fruit,
'Fore it's too late, better "grab a root,"
A boom not all in th' editor's eye,
Demand will always exceed the supply,
Florence, old girl, you're sailin' high.

BE MERCIFUL.

Here then my friend, is to final
Let us try to be earnest a bit
I greatly regard you every one,
Am happy here to declare it;
Would think all the more of you
If you cease some things you do,
And will heed this feeble plea—
Life is sweet to the game as thee;
Those inoffensive, helpless things
The wounded and the suffering,
The awful fright the hunters bring
With gun and dog, to bush and bog
Pure selfishness, occasioning,
The useful, beautiful, adorning.
Do thou consider well, before
And do thou go and sin no more.

(To ye hunter.)

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PUEBLO.

Pueblo, Pueblo continues to grow,
Smokestacks and smelters, O;
Hotels and tally-ho,
Mildest winters, seldom snow,
Blankets, though, the summer though.
Gateway to the mountains o'er,
Railroad center, dozen or more,
Colorado Southern or
D. & R. G. and Bessemer,
Great Rock Island, Santa Fe,
Others mighty apt to be.
More than likely second best
Business center in the West.
Monthly pay roll half a million,
Corporations, worth a billion.
Where money circulates
To the square inch, th' United States.
Commercially an ebb and flow
Everybody is on the go,
Where the governors do grow,
Other persons may also.
Say it never rains but pours,

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Get lost in some of the stores,
Then you call upon the guide
To show you how to get outside
To see the wheels go round,
And that's the way we found
Things in Ebilo Pueblo.

WHO SUCCEED.

Marvel of mystery, majestic mountain range
  Historic peaks, towering above each other,
Strata upon strata wonderful and strange,
  So men compete—brother excelleth brother.

Many and uncertain weary days and years
  Destined to stare misfortune in the face;
Invincible, triumphant, vanquishing all fears;
  Persistent effort won for thee a place.

The surface rough, unsightly the surroundings
  To valley no defect viewing from the height;
Behold the attending victories and boundings,
  Industry is genius—the magic wand of might.

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EXPERIENCE OF A GAME WARDEN.

When once in the woods of Wisconsin
A law the deer did protect,
A man with his gun came along,
Fired, and the shot took effect;
The warden smelt the powder,
And was working for an arrest,
When on stepping into a shop,
Said the butcher, "Venison's the best
Fresh and smooth, there it lay,
Our Pat he kilt it to-day."
The arrest was shortly made,
Instead of a deer, a calf was laid,
Not being evidence enough to show
Court was obliged to let Pat go,
And the warden felt great surprise
That he could not believe his own eyes;
However, the "joke" was too rich to keep,
For, said the hunter, "it fell in a heap,"
And finally Pat was forced to confess
The deer fell over a log, and it cost him his gun
and his dog.

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HALLUCINATION.

Two tramps were coming along one day
And reaching a house of splendid array
Soon planned to have a square meal
(And see what there was to steal);
When on opening wide the door
That had just "been closed" before,
Finding only a pale-faced lady
By the name of Margery Grady,
They did not wait a minute, but
Opened a chest to see what was in it.
Then the lady said, "Very well you can
While I step to the door and call
My man." She did, and called, "O, John."
Now John there was none, she was alone
Though the rascals did not know it
And thought they had to go it,
So away they went without a cent.
The chest was empty, "nothing in it,"
Nary a John, though had there been it
Only fancy the good it did her
And she a lone, lone widow.

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PROPHETIC PIE.

Passing along up Platte canal,
I spied a place where parties dwell
Particular friends, and great for pie,
None knew it better than did I.
They had a lovely daughter,
She said, "Take another quarter;
This pie is crisp and toothsome,
Come often—we get so lonesome."

Though being of bashful meekness,
I have a certain weakness
For "pie" and the lovely cooks,
Deserving a place in books;
So I faithfully oft returned
To perform the aforesaid errand,
The best days of my life—
And the "cook" became—lovely wife.

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TO ——— WITH COMPLIMENTS.

Ice cream and cake quite fit for a king
Were served in the heart of the mountains,
By a *lady indeed*—unawares a Queen,
Unaffected as forest or fountains.

A generous bowl, most suitably seasoned
Made from ice, perpetual and native,
Pure as cold crystal springs
From the peaks pointing skyward
With snow caps like stars relative.

The cake was thick cut, three slices in one,
Sandwiched in with sauce from wild berries,
Much in contrast the cream, and her cheeks
The latter were ruddy as cherries.

Song birds and squirrels made merry outside,
While within—conversation more pleasing
Than all the rest of the treat I confess,
Little Norman, explained as to freezing.

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Altogether should say, delightful occasion
Many thanks, for remembrance so kind,
Again would respond on slightest persuasion,
I pray you to bear me in mind.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A tramp at a certain house one day
Demanded—a dinner, and "right away;"
The lady turned as she said, "I will,"
(The tramp began to rummange a till.)
She returned with a gun in hand
And over the fence the tramp did land;
The stock was gone, the gun not loaded,
No respects were left, like as he owed it,
But prompt on seeing the barrels and sight
So very great was the fellow's fright
That when in the flight he did not stop
At the gate, nor wait to kick it,
Just passed out over the fence, a picket—
And whence, she did not know, as only
A piece of coat tail was left, to show
That he had been there and "decided" to go.

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SLAVES TO FORM.

The good housewife is known
To choose her patches
Adequate to the place she's mending
And is tasty as to choice;
Many there are who pick on Monday
As the "only" day to wash
No matter who offending.
There are whole families
Who breakfast *"just at five"*
Each morning, winter, summer,
As if their lives depended on it.
Such slaves to form are
Always on the murmur
You may depend upon it.
Merely machines, simply automatic
So perfect slaves to form
Set in their ways, concise, emphatic,
Yet meaning no one harm.
"If this or that were only so, or so,
I would be fully satisfied."
Wishing for something quite impossible
Till they have died.

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Plenty of persons who if as perfect as precise
Would rank well with the angels.
Waste so much time at something, *over nice*
Miss most of the best things.

ENVIRONMENT.

The theory and practice
  Of worms of the dust"
Must be a mistake
  And musty—it must
Be about time to take
  On a pace quite unknown
To the ass and the burro
  And "pass up" the plea
That the "old rut" and furrow
  So faithfully followed
By the plodders
  Who plodded away
As not just the thing
  For the light of to-day.

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A MERCHANT'S EXPERIENCE.

There are people who are honest
Who would not steal a pin,
Who terrorize the merchant
The moment they step in;
Better known as tasters
And samples of goods
Than bona fide customers,
Hail from the backwoods.
For such a lack of breeding
Is found not to the front,
Maybe this is severe, but
It's practical and blunt.

The grapes and pears and apples,
The peaches and the plums,
Get badly twisted out of shape
By mashing of the thumbs;
The apricots and raisins,
The codfish and cucumbers
Do not escape the racket
Of tasters and of thumbers,
Nor is this all the story

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That is left me here to tell,
For after so much wringing,
The goods are hard to sell.
Decay gets in its work, and
The shrinkage is so great
The merchant can't keep even
By working hard and late.
By modern competition, goods
Must be on display, and
Hence the kegs and boxes
Are handled every day.
And besides the advertising,
There is the rent to pay.
The goods are hard to keep,
Must be the best and cheap,
So with the average dealer
One can always make a sweep.
No matter who the merchant,
What the city, where the store,
Yon can get a splendid bargain
On every single floor.
At last there is a mortgage
On the merchant's little home,
Which with the store is closed,
He is left the streets to roam;
The merchant who was thrifty,
More than forty out of fifty.
Then arraign the horrid taster,

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And then lander in the jail,
Leave not the cause or reason
For another such a tale.
You and you are to take the hint,
This is written for the print;
Don't be thought of inferior race,
For feeling fruit at the market place.

AT THE PIE COUNTER.

I will trade you my tie
For a small piece of pie,
My purse is quite empty
As also am I.
Am thoroughly awake to the
  Days that you bake
And nobody else can
  Just such pies make.
I do love the cooks
Nobody can beat them,
They love to make pies
And I love to help eat them.

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FRESH PORK.

To have a clear conscience is one thing
To be brave hearted another,
But I long and pine for a stomach
That will not be a constant bother.

Am free to confess there's no other distress
That can ever nearly compare
With a stomach so flat, as a sat upon hat
Oh say, have you ever been there?

Without invitation, they come and repeater
Without hesitation you're sure to greet her,
From custard to hard boiled eggs at night,
You'll flounder and throw, it's a holy fright.

My habits are simple, my wants very few,
And I long for a stomach so strong
That nothing but cabbage and bacon will do
To keep it from going wrong.

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HIS NAME WAS BILL.

I sat by a man at supper long,
Who "swigged" six cups of coffee strong;
For said he, "Must hev it that way
Rigler three times a day,
Strong es the cook kin make it,
When I kin git more I take it;
The doctor says must hev it,
To keep me goin' you see—
So I always will, for it fills
The bill, as full as 'Bill' can be."

He threw them down something like
A pitcher would throw a ball
And caught like a champion catcher
Seems as if you could hear them fall
Like pails of swill in a painted tank,
And however patient the waiter
He forgot her even to thank.

That coffee went down like magic
Or as if by strong machinery,

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I take it his dreams were tragic,
The effect would spoil the scenery,
When told that's six thousand cups a year,
Down went another with an "I don't ker."

LITTLE DOG PRINCE.

Doggy, my faithful little pet,
The likes of you I never met,
So true and tried so many years
Between me and all harm or fears.
Eyes so brown and head upraised
Intelligence, greatly to be praised,
Good qualities so numerous
Thy very shadow I would bless;
A dingy yellow, very true,
Yet my heart is set on you.

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MENU.

The cunning of some cooks
Is to me a great conundrum,
We little know what we eat,
(The greatest surprise is meat.)
They make it in a pie, flour it
For to fry, never saw the beat.

Traveled sixty miles that day,
"Tea" was displayed, very nice way,
The *fowl* that was served
So brown and so neat, I thought
Indeed a very great treat, as of it
Abundantly proceeded to eat.

After supper, was sitting back
Seemingly nothing did lack
When "lady cook," a homely creature,
Said how did you enjoy your *tea,*
With fowl as the special feature?
"O, very well, what was it, pray tell?"
Yes, said she, a favorite junk,
"Strictly speaking, it was *skunk.*"

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Had traveled about a good deal,
Probably eaten a *crow* at a meal,
For supper and thought it all right
And not knowing, did not growl,
Tho', strictly speaking, it was *"foul."*

SURE FIRE.

When in the dim vista of a sequestered past
Things get remembered too trivial to last
Dates that in history yet remain unseen,
Whose mind was gorged even to extreme.

Aye, loaded to the hilt with figures ever ready
With the slightest tilt, ever constant steady,
Make you tired by telling, and note each date
Could a head so full be called a shallow pate.

Turn on your heel at last; no immediate reaction
She talks and talks and talks so fast
With the utmost satisfaction
Continues giving dates and measurements
Of but the slightest circumstance.

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THE MOSQUITO.

If everything else were clear
As mosquitos' vision o' nights,
Just as you raise to strike
Takes ever so suddenly flight

With his gimlet to bore
In the length of a space
The whole human race'd
Be sunk in miserable gore.

He is a scientific cuss, and when
He starts to fall upon you thus—
Wait till he ketches on, and then
Just land him one without no fuss.

"Sing a song" if you think it best,
"All right" says I, "I'll do the rest."
Have made a "rake off" time'n agin,
'Wake all night'n order ter win
The victory, in a single battle
Else me bones'd been left t' rattle.

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MY OLD HAT.

I bought me a hat
  With lining green
And cork for trimmings,
  As could be seen.
The latter would often
  Bob up and down
As out in the sun
  I didn't have to frown,
And I thought to myself
  As I came and went
That green for lining
  Was no accident.
At least for a man
  Of labor and toil,
It had a mild effect
  Like sardines in oil,
Was strictly conducive
  To meditation
As it had all around
  The best ventilation.

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The hottest weather
Is about "dog days,"
Who "talks through his hat"
Don't care what he says.

ANTI-LISTLESSNESS.

Always keep your wits about you
And your chin from drooping down,
Lips quite well compressed, together
Then if any one's around
They'll not know your indecision,
Even in the darkest weather.

Do not frown upon an enemy,
Nor smile too hard on a brother,
But trifles these may seem
Better not to dream through the day
That your bird wit, indecision,
The extent of your derision
Do not give you dead away.

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TO THE MARKET.

"A perfect woman nobly plan'd
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

Now you just come here
My husband dear
And leave me no more
Till you go to the store;
I want and must have
Nothing less nor more
Some crackers and meal,
Some fish and some eel,
Some sugar and coffee,
Nutmeg and some tea,
Some thread and some shoes
Now be careful and see
The rogues do not cheat,
For such rascals they be.
Oh, yes bring some stockings
For our sweet baby Rosa,
I fear you don't listen,

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Do you hear what I say?
Then there is no flour
And some kind of meats,
O do get some muslin
To make us some sheets;
Must have a new bedstead
For that other room,
And, too, by the way,
Do get me a broom;
If you forget that
I will scalp you, indeed,
And don't you come home
Without something to read.
I would like some cinnamon,
Tapioca and cocoa—but
You'll not take time
To get all that we need.

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THE NEW WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Woman, new in politics?
"Nothing new under the sun,"
Bird wings and chicken feathers,
Bobbing up now and again.
Some, of course, vote single,
While others vote by two,
Like everything else it's easy
"If" you know just how to do.

Now there's a bright red ribbon,
Now here's a light red hair,
"Now just prepare your ballot,
And place it right in there."
First give your name and very age,
'Tis shown, that she is single,
There's a slight degree of rage,
Her blood begins to tingle,

Indeed begins to boil and rile,
As she turns on her heel,
With a "Wait awhile,"
And, too, somewhat at her own expense,

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Judge wrote down: "For want of sense."
Thought to myself while taking note,
A pity you thus have lost your vote.
She muttered, "My name is so and so,"
But my age "they got no right to know."

LINES.

If you borrow or lend
If you buy, sell or spend,
You'll lose some cool friend
Every year by the end.

One you thought to be true
May go back on you,
And great luck you're in
If he don't get your tin.

Not infrequent the case
If you give him the space
He will show enough cheek
To eclipse his whole face.

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THE LATEST STYLE.

Saw a lady on the street car,
With bangs that were done
Only passing fair,
She would paste them down
On her temples with spittal,
Chew so hard at her gum,
You could most hear it rattle,
But for the din of the car.
Bless me I thought she would tire
As now and again she would
Strike at her gum, which if flint,
Would have set her afire.
One would think she would
Surely have broken a tooth,
By such indiscretion
Of (no longer a youth)
Thus being the victim
Of exceeding bad taste,
Exerted her muscles
Clear down to her waist.
Said it didn't taste bad
Since first she began it,

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And who didn't chew gum,
Of late isn't in it.
The lady who sat on
The right at her elbow,
Said, "What do you think
Of that for a show?"
Once well out of hearing
I answered, declaring,
A first class canard I trow.

Digitized by Google

THE DANCE.

"She shops all day, dances all night
And gads around as she wishes;
Her mother complains
She's never found strength
To tackle a panful of dishes."

I fear you dance to an excess
In every country, more or less.

If lots of fun is a good thing
If lots more is better;
And some "frail fairy" finds it so
Suppose we'll have to let her.

Spring up and down, awhirl and spin,
On passing and reflecting
It would seem so I do not know
If bad for her complecting.

If exercise is a good thing
And motion maketh muscle,
To be as good at working
You'll surely have to hustle.

Digitized by Google

APRIL FOOL.

A cultured lady cooking cakes
Catcheth my eye and me fancy takes,
Causeth content of a certain kind,
Ceaseth hunger and consoleth the mind;
Though looks are so often deceiving
And seeing not always believing,
Though she with her bright eyes was
To me "the star of the goodly company."
'Twas on the first morning of April,
I saw on her face a very dim smile
Which contained a hidden meaning,
Yet I didn't know what was convening.
The batter contained a whole euchre deck
Sufficiently stirred to secrete every speck.
The cakes were ever so brown and crisp;
Heard from her lips a sort of a lisp,
"Sit up and have something to eat,
I've in store for you such a treat;
Seems to me you are awfully slow,
Will like my cooking so well I know;
Now here are the syrup and butter,
Next griddle's beginning to sputter."

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Take care what you turn for trumps
There are spots on the moon
There are measles and mumps,
And tricks in all trades they say,
There are games you never can play.
The joker's mostly the highest card out.
In this the joke "is the higher" no doubt,
And when "the cook" is the winning card
The guest should be strictly on his guard,
According to Marquis of Queensbury Rules
There is no end to the April Fools.

THANKSGIVING.

When the year is gray with age,
Writ on light and shaded page,
When her flowers are withering,
Then, we thank her for the spring.

Spring shall come and spring shall go
Linked below the unfriendly snow,
Now gratitude I sign by thee
Hope's pledge for blessings yet to be.

Digitized by Google

A STRANGE, TRUE STORY.

There was a certain lawyer
  Ah me, alas!
Who so largely composed
  Of brass
Had enough of said metal
To make a big kettle;
Ten gallons about, if well
  Hammered out.

In the settling up of
  A large estate
The minors all had so long
  To wait
They starved for bread
  And butter,
(Barrister's cheek was
  Intensely utter).
Nor shall I try to flatter,
There is no doubt
That the excreted matter
Of that fellow's hide, if
  Thoroughly fried

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And rendered as hard
As the "case" (never tried)
It would make ten gallons
Of lard.

"Piecemeal they win this acre first
Then that; glean on and on
And gather up the whole estate."

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PSEU-DO.

Precarious Senor punctillious
Though punctual and pretty
And parted his hair in the middle
Was dressy and neat, pernicious as witty;
Would lie, and was vile with deceit.
Sported a suite at the best hotel,
Nothing too good for such a swell,
Held aloof from common people,
Thought himself "up" like a steeple.
From the far East, boasted a fortune;
"Was backed by a Lombard or so;"
So talkative even to strangers
That all might generally know.
Was buying some mines,
A railroad and some land,
Had men running after him,
Almost to beat the band;
It was they who were beaten
Out of money and time.
Even beat the hotel, begory,
This the end of my story.

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TO A LAZY FELLOW.

Too heavy for light work.
Too light for heavy work.

Wish I were officer of the day
When daddy sings,
Wish I were master of ceremonies
And all such things.

Wish I were a hunter
Of particular skill;
Or a first-class fisherman
With net so full.

Wish I were a boarder at
Some first-class hotel,
But say, I wouldn't be it
If I had to pay the bill.

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THE PHONOGRAPH.

I have a concert phonograph,
It cost a hundred dollars,
First announcement makes you laugh
The phunny fellow follows.

A prima Irish donna then
With banjo and with mandolin,
In clamorous accents will begin
And sing, with spicy phrases in.

The brass band, the piano, and
Profundo bassos music stand
The soubrette, with nerve and sand
Alfalfa widower sure to land.

The songerphone is an event
A gifted graph invention—
Plays and sings and other things
Too numerous to mention.

Claimed by some who have no ear
'Tis always out of tune—

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They tumble to its repertoire
Including Bonnie Doon.

All through, the *phoncert conograph*
The thing is worth the money,
Reminds you so of Edison
And pleases Ed—my sonny.

MY CREED.

More fresh air and sunshine
More water and more soap;
More love of Nature,
More confidence, more hope;
More reciprocal good will,
More practical ideal,
More effort for the goal,
More earnest heart and soul;
More thankfulness for birth,
More heaven here on earth!

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GOD—IN EFFECT.

See God in the expression of noble people,
  See him in the planets and the stars,
See him in the joyousness of the little children,
  See him in the song birds and the flowers.

See him in the faces of the rocks and waters,
  See him in the clouds and in the sun,
See him in the rainbow, and in remotest quarters,
  See him in all growth that is going on.

See him in dumb animals and fowls and fishes
  See him in the mountain and the plain,
See him in ambition prompting but good wishes,
  See him in the dew drop and the rain.

See him in all peoples, whatever creed or color,
  See him unfettered in man's mind,
See him ever prompting, man to man is brother,
  See him, aye, most wonderfully kind.

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See him in progression and activity,
  See him in whatever is is well,
See him in all being, and what is yet to be,
  See him in more than words can tell.

PROCESS.

As bulb and bud precede
    The beauteous blossom,
As flowers and fruit form only
    From the fertile soil,
So are the crude and mediocre
    In mankind removed by method;
So refinement and maturity
    Respond to honest toil;
Till precious books are one prolonged delight,
Till art and music serve the highest need;
    Till the birthday of each year
      And of thy being,
Proves life is life,
And love the only creed.

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"I LIKE THAT."

My life is one outpourin',
  Constant round of joy;
Happier an' more'n
  When I was a boy;
Was bubblin' over then
  Between my sober moods,
But now I have outgrown
  The "old-time" solitudes.

No use fer any feller
  That's al'us lookin' sour;
H'aint no attraction fer me,
  Nor partikel of power,
Jest like ter see a spider
  Prancin' on a thread,
Instead of estimatin'
  How it'll be when 'e is dead.

Like ter see the playful sperit
  Last along up through the teens,

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An' the prankiness of children
Fer the footlights of the scenes,
For the old and middle-aged.
That's what I like, I say!
So if God comes in fer quarters,
He might kinder like ter stay!

A GIFT FLOWER.

Plucked up from the garden of flowers,
In the garden of hearts it is set;
Deprived of the sunlight and showers,
With memory's dews it is wet.

I would that the flower had not faded,
As all that is earthly departs;
But still its true fragrance is cherished
And that is the friendship of hearts.

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RECONCILED.

Why bewail such things
As wind and weather?
It seldom snows or blows
So bad but one may be about.
Why art thou sensitive
As a feather,
Frowning with each breath
Or in or out.
Why ever questioning, in part
Or wholly
As being for the best;
Emulate the spirit of the
Meek and lowly,
Whatever is, is best.
Since when hast thou seen fit
To fix a standard
For the whole world
And all mankind beside?
Far better be subservient
To the mission
"Do thou with me abide."

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SELF RELIANCE.

Have faith in self, and hear
  Thy conscience say: Well done;
Fear not so much the storms
  That unto thee may never come.

Live more unto the "Now,"
  And less to the "To Be."
Saying is good, doing is better;
  Being, best of all the three.

Less superstition, face about, be free;
  Unlearn most race beliefs,
However hard the lesson unto thee;
  Wake up, avoid the shoals and reefs.

Away with old-time prejudice, and learn
  Creeds are but stepping stones to truth.
To know the good (the God) within thyself
  Is to *possess the spring of an eternal youth.*

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SERVICE.

Pray tell me what thy office is
  More than a life of usefulness;
I love to sing the highest praise
  Of one who is industrious.

Much labor is but that of love,
  Yet still are serving, longs to serve;
Noble art thou,—I say divine!
  God given, faithful to thy time.

Blessed be he who bent with age,
  Yet still art serving, long to serve;
Thrice blessed he thus to engage
  From duty never known to swerve.

I bow before the holy shrine;
  I emulate, devoutly prize,—
There is reward! Great may be thine,
  Triumphant thou to realize.

Could I bestow this in exchange
  For kindly courtesies received,

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Unlimited would be thy range,
Thy burdens promptly to relieve.

Hast builded better than ye knew,
By serving others faithful, true,
Dost best conserve thy highest needs
Shalt reap the harvest of good deeds.

Thy hands evince the wear and tear,
Thy face outlines the marks of care;
May sweetest rest vouchsafe to be
God's richest blessings unto thee.

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INTEGRITY.

Integrity, thou blessed word!
Thrice blessed principle!
In vivid form as lofty peak,
Abiding and eternal.

Thy superstructure all of good,
Integrity, thou art of God,
As all-wise better understood,
To emulate, adore and laud.

How could I speak thy matchless worth,
Send thine exalted splendor forth,
Make more substantial monument
Than hold in sacred memory
Sweet, loyal souls who, heaven-sent,
Lived ever faithful unto thee,
Integrity! Integrity!

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BE TRUE.

Out of the sacred silence
A sweet voice comes to me:
"Be thankful, ever thankful!
Whatever is, is well—is well,
Whatever is, is well!
Whatever you do, be true, aye true!
Whatever you do, be true!"

Out of the night the day—
Out of the day, the night—
Some sweet voice doth say:
"Whatever is, is right, is right,
Whatever is, is right!
Whatever you do, be true, aye true,
Whatever you do, be true."

Silence ever—harmony—blending,
Everywhere, through all, extending,
Sweet voice, celestial symphony,
That ever seems—ever does say:

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DISTANCE.

I heard a sweet song, heard it glide
  Echoing through the trembling air,
Then farther in the wood it died,
  And went from me I know not where.

No passing bird of wing so swift,
  No bird so strong in flight or gift
Enchanted, but in weariness
  Feels Nature's distance, dreariness.

The very winds that sweep the sea,
  Like brooms wear out, and wearily
The dashing streamlet's wildest play
  Scatters in mist not far away.

  Illusion and hope's silvery wing
  Shall cleave the sky and evening bring
From far away undying fame,
  The wide' wide world owes thee a name.

Then hope took wing, or seemed to fly,
  While fancy dreamed in ecstasy,

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Dreamed and awoke, the night wind called,
And said, "Thy life is narrow walled."

I blow by land, I blow by sea,
Brief message, drifting memory,
Is thus to thee yon wind and wave—
To thee and me a new made grave.

HOW TO WAIT.

Have you ever learned the lesson
How to wait?
Forever, if need be, and a day
The most important lesson
Of a life-time;
The highest of all philosophy.

It is said all things come to
Him who waits.
It is amply worth the trying
You will see.
The process of growth from acorn
To the oak;
Is likewise the law of growth
In thee.

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OBSERVATIONS.

I have seen the great and glorious
  Rocky mountain range
Rise up in her majesty
  And beckons to the plains,
Arrayed in royal purple
  Blendings of pink and white,
To greet the golden sunrise
  God of beauty and of might.

I have seen the mighty river
  In silence wend its way,
But the ripple of a zephyr
  With the midnight stars to play,
On its peaceful placid bosom,
  Decked with diamonds from the dome
Traced its bearings to the ocean
  The great realm of surge and foam.

I have lingered in the forest
  Where the tree tops courtly sway,
Heard their music in the minor

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Discord set to harmony;
When the surges seemed to revel,
Lash the leaves in sportive glee,
Echoing in joyous encore,
To mountain, river, plain and sea.

THANKFUL.

I am thankful for a showing;
Thankful for a chance of growing;
For thankfulness, and knowing
How to grow;
Truly thankful for the chances,
For the progress and advances;
More than thankful for the chance
To have a show!

Glad and thankful for the glimmer;
For no longer cause to murmur,
Through the darkness for a shimmer
Of the light;
Till at last no longer worry;
Stay my haste and cease to hurry;
Thankful finally to know that
"Whatever is is right!"

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ETERNAL FITNESS.

There are persons, many of them
Who are the embodiment of the good,
The pure, the true, rightly to view.
Selfishness doth not dominate
The earth to-day, rather its opposite.
'Tis but to know and see aright—
Calmly reflect.
The tiniest bird is known
To sing and sing, because it has to,
One does not dare to harm
An inoffensive thing. It would not do.
Justice and right and brotherhood
Have gained the day to so great degree
Their opposites create sensation.
Who is it, not practically impelled
By an inborn sense ot right?
The eternal fitness of things
Doth plainly show on every hand;
The inexhaustible supply,
The all sufficiency;
That an omnipresent sovereign good (or God)
Is in command, is evident to me.
(The mortal world redeems the material.)

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NOT STRANGERS.

You are not alien—strange to me;
We are of one great family.
If we could only understand
The life of Love in God and man,
The love of Love in you and me,—
One love, one common sympathy
Would reign through all in unity.
Broad as the sky, deep as the sea,
Bright as the stars, warm as the sun,
Love is but one! Love is but one!

Your woes and sufferings are mine,
Throughout the land and all of time,
Love of to-day and yesterday,
Love of one great fraternity,
Love of a million years agone,
Love of the true, millennial dawn,
By universal law of love
Each race and zone, supremely one
Dear heart hope on, no heart alone
Love is but one, Love is but one.

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WHY ASK I MORE?

On topmost twig of a leafy tree
Sat a plain brown thrush, and cheerily
He chirped away, as if all that be
Were happy, content and free.

He had dined that day on living things,
On worms and insects with buzzing wings
Unlike his own, but the life of these
Went out in the songs degrees.

Why sings the thrush in the world below
Thus happy and free, I may never know—
True, he feeds on worms and living things,
But this I may know—he sings.

I may not know how the bird to be
Glorifies all by its melody,
Like offerings then I may not bring,
Yet I know that bird will sing.

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GENIUS.

We admire genius under any guise,
And in these modern times
Would be hard to surprise;
With electricity or steam
Such advancement, like a dream,
More of genius every day
This wonderful machinery.
Artificial legs and eyes,
Bones and skin, borrowed thighs,
Science, genius, skill and tact,
Almost gone beyond the fact.
One can scarcely realize
What it is before one's eyes,
How it can be made to go
Else some one is there to show.
But the fellow's always there
And the wheels go on the tear,
Labor saving these inventions
Their creators, no pretensions.

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TO THE UNSEEN.

Hark! angelic whispers
From etherial blue
Leaving scepter'd impress
On receptive hearts and true.
Linking God and good
The human and Divine,
Finite with the Infinite,
All along the line.
Life and light eternal,
Dating farthest back
Heaven is a condition,
Nothing then may lack.
The unseen, the real,
Aye, the only true,
Hark, angelic whispers
From ethereal blue.
Life and light eternal,
Even on earth for thee,
"Weary, heavy laden,
Come thou unto me."

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PHENOMENA.

Think of the artist, who painted the flowers,
Think of the mountains, the valleys, the showers,
Think how they come when'er they are bidden,
Think of the treasure that therein is hidden.

Think of the vast seas, the lakes and the ocean,
The great heart of love, the lasting devotion;
Who produceth the actors is back of the stage;
Whose own sovereign will controlleth the age.

Think how great a world, of day and of night
The birds and flowers, the joy and the light,
The music, the fragrance, perfection of pleasure
Inexhaustible store of excellent treasure.

Whence cometh love, and whence our devotion
The symmetrical blending, the beauty of motion;
The orbs and the planets, the great solar system?
Think where and from whence this wonderful
wisdom.

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WHO LIVE IN A STAR.

Then I entreat you, be of good courage
Justice and right have gained the day
Truth and love are wondrous forces
No longer doubt their perfect sway.

Light is enthroned and God is good
"Right is might," is the spoken word
The Divine in thee, the Royal road

ADDIO.

The good, the beautiful and true,
Good will, and greetings unto you,
Abundantly for each new day
Hail thou upon the upward way.
Good will more faith good cheer,
A firmer hope, less doubt and fear
Unfaltering, trusting to the end
This the greeting I would send.

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